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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Visit to the Cheese Factory of A. D. Power of Farmington.—The System Pursued and the Results Achieved.

A long promised visit was paid to the cheese factory of Mr. A. D. Power of Farmington, last week, and it proved a very interesting one to us, as the product of this factory has so long stood at the top of the market in this city for its high quality. The factory is situated about four miles from Northville, its nearest railroad station, and surrounded on three sides by a rolling country, well watered, and with a productive soil. On the east toward Detroit the country is more level, and the soil not of such good quality. Mr. Power has an extensive farm of his own, upon which he keeps a dairy herd of about forty head. Besides these cows he receives the milk of about 70 farmers in the neighborhood, and at the present time is turning out about 12 large cheeses per day. In the season, before the flow of milk had been stopped by the frosts, he made over 20 per day. The output for the season this year will be nearly 300,000 lbs., a little larger than it was in 1882. He expected to reach these figures fully, but the pastures are giving out earlier than usual, and the corn crop is so nearly a failure that he does not now expect it to reach that amount.

In the factory, which is under the management of an experienced cheese-maker, Mrs. Smith, we first had a look over the curing rooms. The bulk of the October make was on hand, just becoming fit to be sent to market. There were three large rooms, with long tables running through them, and these were covered with the ripening cheese. The rooms are on the upper floor, and supplied with stoves and ventilators, to secure a steady temperature. One or two August and a few September cheeses were yet on hand, and we had a chance to sample them and compare quality with the October make. The evenness in quality, flavor and texture was remarkable, and showed the care that must have been paid to every detail in its manufacture.

There is nothing but full cream cheese made here, and it has always been a point with the proprietor of the factory to put nothing upon the market that would not do it credit.

In the morning, beginning as early as five o'clock, the milk begins to arrive at the factory, and it is weighed, credited to the party delivering it, and turned into vats. By eight o'clock the milk is all in, and the temperature of the milk is raised by steam to 83 deg. Fahrenheit before the rennet is applied. Enough rennet is then applied to cause coagulation in from 15 to 20 minutes. It is left until coagulated sufficiently for cutting, nearly an hour, cut, and then put through the cooking process. The fine curd system being the one followed here, great care is taken to keep the curd fine. In this way the cooking is done evenly and thoroughly. While cooking the temperature is raised to 96 deg. Fahrenheit. The cooking process consumes about two hours, and when completed the whey is drawn off through plug holes in the bottom of the vat, which is raised at one end to insure thorough drainage. The proper time to draw off the whey is determined by the cheese-maker, and it is one of the points where only experience can be relied upon. The curd is now left to pack, and after becoming firm is cut into large strips, turned over, and left until it has become sufficiently acid, another very important point, and one on which the flavor and quality of the cheese largely depends. The time when the curd has taken on sufficient acid is determined by the hot iron test. The curd is now ground in the curd mill, and salted, two pounds of salt being

allowed for each thousand pounds of milk. The curd is now ready for the press, and it is at once put in and left until the next morning. The cheese are then taken out and carried to the curing room, where, for about a month, they are turned and wiped until ready for market. A ripe cheese has a peculiar greasy feel when the thumb is rubbed over it that is never seen in a green one. During the entire process of cheese-making it is only external vigilance that secures a prime article. If the temperature is too high or too low, if the cooking is imperfect (and there is no test to determine that except the experience of the cheese-maker), or if the curd is allowed to become too acid, the ripened cheese will proclaim it in a way not to be misunderstood.

To begin with, for a fine quality of cheese the milk must be all right, entirely free from the taint of impure or stagnant water, foul barn yards and cow-stables. This is positively necessary, and it requires great care on the part of the person weighing in the milk to detect bad odors in it and reject it. One lot may taint all the milk in a particular vat. It is difficult at first to make farmers understand how quickly milk takes up other odors that may be floating in the atmosphere of an impure stable or barnyard, how certainly stagnant water taints it, or how easily it may be spoiled by turning it into cans and covering it up too tightly before the animal heat has left it. Mr. Power said milk rarely spoiled inside of twelve hours, even in very warm weather, if the cows got only pure water, and the milk was stirred until well cooled before being put into the cans. He said the oxygen of the atmosphere appeared to corrode the germs that caused putrefaction to set in, and put a stop to their development.

He spoke of the difficulty of securing an evenness in the make of the factory at the different seasons, as the various processes were all more or less influenced by the weather, and had to be varied accordingly.

While cleanliness on the part of those who furnish the milk has to be insisted upon, in the factory itself the rules are very rigid. Absolute and scrupulous cleanliness must be enforced at all times and in all departments, and it shows itself all over this factory. A flowing well with a wind-mill furnishes an abundance of pure water, a prime necessity to a cheese-maker.

Now, we think we hear a dozen readers ask, "What breed are the cows whose milk goes to this factory?" They are generally grade Shorthorns and natives. Mr. Power has a herd of forty, all grade Shorthorns. He prefers them to any others he has yet seen, but thinks they could be improved. He believes many of them are spoiled by being overfed while young, developing a tendency to put on fat that cannot be got rid of afterwards, and fat instead of milk is produced. His idea is that the milking qualities of an animal may be greatly improved if they are kept with that object in view from birth, and everything done to develop it. We saw two of the Holstein heifers brought out by Messrs. Phelps & Seelye recently, on the farm of Mr. W. Simmons, and his brother has a couple more. It will not be long before animals of this noted breed can have their milking qualities tested in a practical way, and they have many friends who insist that they will come out ahead in the race.

Mr. Power spoke of the growth of the cheese trade in this State, and the large amounts that are consumed now in comparison with only a few years ago. The people of the State, he said, are cheese-tasters, not cheese-eaters, and insist upon the very finest quality. The New York and Ohio factories, which made largely for export, did not have to be so particular in quality if their cheese would only ship well and stand being knocked around. Hence when they were sent into this State they never gave satisfaction. His market was entirely Michigan, and he had no difficulty in disposing of his entire make each season, at the highest figures going. The melting, buttery texture, fine flavor and freedom from anything like harshness in taste, made his goods just the thing for our home markets; but for export they would have to be salted higher, and more attention paid to their keeping qualities and less to flavor and quality. The system pursued at this factory is that introduced by Prof. Arnold, whom Mr. Power regards as the most experienced and original of scientific cheese-makers. His process gave better results and could be depended upon to a greater extent than any other yet introduced, and he felt that the whole dairy interest was under great obligation to the Professor for the arduous and gratuitous labors which had occupied so much of his life and been of such benefit to dairy men.

Mr. Power was an exhibitor at the great dairy fair held in New York in 1879, and among other trophies he has carried off is a handsome diploma for the best cheese shown by any Michigan manufacturer. It is of course easy for a factory to make a good cheese now and then; but it is not an easy matter to have the make of a whole season so even in quality that it

would be difficult to select a cheese below the high standard that this factory has always maintained.

We found Mr. Power to be an enthusiast in cheese-making and its possibilities, and he believes that dairying is one of the most potent factors that can be introduced by farmers to restore the fertility of their soils, where it has been injured by too constant grain growing. One thing is certain, it has been a good thing for this neighborhood, and its farmers would not like to go back again to wheat growing as their main business.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SHROPSHIRE.

FORESTVILLE, Mich., Oct. 13, 1883.
To the Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—Will you be kind enough through the columns of your welcome old paper (I say old, for I have taken it for 30 years—first when it was a monthly journal only), to inform me of the true origin of the sheep now known and called as Shropshire Downs, and what crosses have produced this distinct race of breed? Or ask through your paper some of the farmers or breeders to do so, and oblige

Yours truly,

RICHARD NYE.
Many Shropshire breeders will not admit that any cross-breeding has ever been done; and say that the improvement noted since about 1850 is the result of careful selection and judicious breeding of the "Gray Faces," as they were once called. Their home is Shropshire, and from this they derive their name. Among the farmers of the midland counties of England they are held in high esteem, and in Shropshire, Stafford, and Salop they are largely in the ascendancy. From England they have spread into Scotland and Ireland, and appear to be giving entire satisfaction to those breeding them. While Shropshire breeders will not admit that any cross-breeding has been done in improving their favorites, the Cotswold breeders assert that the breed owes a great deal to a judicious use of Cotswold blood, and the South-down breeders are equally positive that the breed are largely owing to an admixture of black-faced bucks. It is the old story over again that is common in the history of all our domestic animals, from Short-horn cattle to Poland-China hogs. Speaking generally, we are free to say that there is not an improved domestic animal to-day which does not owe its good qualities to judicious crossing of two or more varieties of the breed. It may be pretty far back, but it will be found that from that time dates the improvement that makes them valuable. It is, therefore, of little consequence, except as a matter of interest to the curious, just how a breed originated, so long as its good qualities are of a nature to make it popular and desirable. In fact, the breeders who have laid the foundation for the improvement of some particular breed have generally guarded their methods carefully; and much of what is accepted as the early history of a breed is more or less guess-work. In this respect we opine the Shropshire stands about as many other breeds do. But of their merits as thrifty animals there can be no dispute. They have shown themselves to be hardy, prolific, and easy keepers; their mutton is regarded as of excellent quality among those who are esteemed good judges, and they will always repay any care and expense that is necessary for their proper keeping. The breed first came into notice in England in 1850, but it was not till some time afterward that they secured a place among recognized breeds. Since then they have spread wonderfully, and are regarded with great favor by those who like mutton sheep.

RAPID GROWTH OF A CALF.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Perhaps the following figures upon the growth of a calf may be of interest to your readers. Said calf is named Dutchman No. 264, Vol. 3, Dutch Friesian Herd Book, and was bred by J. B. Tuckerman, of Caseville, N. Y.; calved February 20, 1883; dam, imported Anna 110; sire, Hart Bleeker 38. He is owned by E. & F. Kent, two farmer boys of Augusta, Kalamazoo Co., who weighed the calf each Saturday at noon. The calf was shipped from Utica by express, and came through in twenty-six hours in the best of condition. Weighed upon arrival, before being fed, at two weeks old, 130 lbs. was put to a good old cow that at times gave poor milk, but did not take only about one-half the milk for the first six weeks and did not take it all until he was four months old:

Date.	Weight.	Date.	Weight.
March 10.....	139 lbs.	May 5.....	281 lbs.
" 17.....	140 "	" 12.....	300 "
" 24.....	160 "	" 19.....	315 "
" 31.....	177 "	June 3.....	327 "
April 7.....	195 "	" 10.....	355 "
" 14.....	213 "	" 17.....	361 "
" 21.....	235 "	July 14.....	408 "
" 28.....	235 "	Aug. 1.....	449 "
" 29.....	"	" 20.....	526 "

It will be seen that the first week in June he gained four pounds per day. He was weaned in July. Presumes this record of growth is not very remarkable, but it shows just what a calf will make.

J. H. KENT.

Augusta, Oct. 30, 1883.
The Rochester Sun says Nov. township is the largest fruit growing town in Oakland Co.

YOUNG FARMERS.

There is no lack of good advice to boys and young men who have grown up on a farm. It is an easy argument to prove that much better it is to "stay there," but the chances are that the young man has looked beyond to something besides a competence for old age; he has looked at the social and political standing of the average farmer. He has been told in school while standing in a row of boys, that Governors and Senators and some Presidents were made out of just such boys; he of course felt that much of this adulatory praise was pure taffy, but some of it will stick, and he has looked around to sum up his chance for these worthy stations. History points to examples of exaltation from among those who worked their farms, and who received the news of their appointment or election while engaged in labor in the fields, but those times are too far away to suit the purpose of an aspiring young man on the lookout for opportunities to rise in the world. The suggestion of a chance for a recurrence of such an event in their days, would raise a smile on a flat turnip. A young man with no aspirations will settle into nothingness in any calling, and such stolid souls are very apt to drift along in the occupation in which they are bred, but bright boys who have been accustomed to stand at the head in school very naturally chafe at the prospect of being at the foot of their class the rest of their lives, and they argue from what they know and what they see that farmers stand very little chance of being selected to occupy any of the coveted positions which they feel they could worthily fill. A boy who begins by sweeping in a lawyer's office stands a better chance of representing his fellow farmers primarily, and the public generally, than the graduate of an agricultural college, who follows the teachings of his Alma Mater, does of really representing five-sevenths of the people of the State; and so we have the anomalous spectacle of all the bright boys of the farm drifting into the overcrowded avenues which lead to possible preferment.

The idea very generally prevails that he who can wag his tongue the most volubly deserves best of his countrymen, and so the gift of oratory is cultivated and passes current for intellect and the ability to grapple with the great questions of jurisprudence and finance, and the great good to the greatest number. We have notable examples of this assumed wisdom to whom politics is the chief end and aim of life, while measures affecting the good of the people are neglected.

There are now plenty of opportunities for young farmers to cultivate their argumentative talents in the Farmers' Institutes, the Farmers' Clubs and the enterprising granges of the State; but yet the complaint comes from them all that young men do not respond to these opportunities for improvement. It is true that men must have something to say in these gatherings; wind is no substitute for ideas, and puffballs get pricked by running against too many sharp points. The work these organizations are doing is invaluable in bringing out the sterling stuff of which men are made; no cheap fluff ideas nor glittering but empty intellects are tolerated, and when they become accessible and are supported by all farmers, then young men will find congenial company and their efforts at a higher standing for farmers will be more successful.

There are indeed, communities of farmers, and farmers in all communities who would deny to all the young men in their midst the opportunities for improvement, which are found in positions of trust, and the cheap honors of office. They abrogate to themselves all the glory attendant upon such positions, and bid the young aspirant with fresh blood and new ideas, to wait until gray hairs denote their wisdom and fitness. A young farmer with new ideas of farming, beginning his career in such a neighborhood, is either banned or descends to the level of his surroundings. If he attempts the progressive practice of his profession, he gets laughed at as a visionary, his misadventures will be magnified, although his mistakes may be worth as much to the community in settling some controverted point, as some brilliant success. Yet he receives nothing but contempt for his innovation. If his conversation simulates something of the progressive spirit of the age, and is silent when horse philosophy is being discussed, he is rated as a "hifalutin cuss," whom it is an honor to snub.

Old farmers cannot afford to be censorious with beginners, new ways are bound to come. The soil has ceased to respond as when its virgin sods were turned. The climate is affecting the growth of plants. Centers of population as well as crop production have changed, new styles, and what may seem to them too stylish manners will predominate. Mud-holes are none the less unseemly, because inherited, and they must be filled up. Encroachments upon industry are assuming large proportions, forbidding eye to farmers, and fresh young blood beating in unison with the pulse of the age must combat it; "lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope" will not avail. Give the young farmers a chance to help in both council and war. There are would-be philanthropists who see the

begin of farmers boys toward the towns, and would stay it with the gift of a calf or a colt, or the proceeds of an acre of land. Don't get half way up the outlook; it is an insult to our boys to intimate that they worship any such image or are beguiled into a distasteful, because secondary position, by growing their own pop corn. They want a chance to grow and to become of some service to their country and to mankind.

Educate a boy to become what he desires, and then say "you can attain to distinction only through the profession of law," and no wonder that new parchments are pushed every day under the nose of every leading lawyer of the State, applying for a position in the office, while the old home farm is run by a heedless buffoon, who tantalizes the old farmer with his presence at twenty dollars per month. There are numberless farms in the State where unskilled and unproductive labor ekes out a bare sustenance for parents whose sons are clambering after honors denied to them on the farm. One in a thousand reaches the goal of his ambition, while the remainder settle into various niches in the public corridor, and become either purely ornamental or negatively useful, as the care may be. New niches are continually being cut for the accumulating throng, which only adds to the fever of expectancy for those at the bottom of the lot. Man the old, almost deserted homesteads with the impulse engendered by this forlorn hope, and they would blossom into gardens of fertility. The crop of true manhood would be greatly increased, and the harvest of public virtues would flow from country homes, and be nurtured around farmers' firesides.

A. C. G.

AMERICAN MERINOS.

What an Australian Has to Say About Them.

In the Sydney (Australia) Mail of July 21st, Mr. Wm. Hays of that colony, who spent a portion of last winter and spring in this country looking over and making selections of rams for the improvement of his large flock of Merino sheep, gives his views and opinions in regard to the American Merino. What he says will be of interest to the flock owners in this State, although referring especially to those of Vermont and New York. The restriction on the importation of American sheep into that country, to which Mr. Hays refers, has since been removed. The letter was written to the Minister for Mines:

"In a letter which I did myself the honor to address you, dated about the 1st of February last, I drew your attention to the absurd and vexatious restriction to the introduction of stud sheep from the United States of America, owing to the existence of the prohibition under the 'Imported Stock Act'; that this prohibition was put in force on account of the prevalence of foot and mouth disease in England, and was not originally intended to apply to America, where that disease has rarely appeared, and that only when it could be traced to importations from Great Britain.

"I think I explained in that letter the reason why I and other sheep owners were desirous of obtaining a selection from the stud flocks of the United States—viz., on account of the greater weight of fleece that these possess, as the attention of American breeders has been particularly directed to this object.

"I am now on my way to England, after spending a month among the stud-breeders of Vermont and New York, and can speak with a certain amount of authority as regards the absence of disease, and the highly improved character of the American Merino. The stud flocks of Vermont and New York States (the best in America) consist of from 50 to 800 breeding ewes on farms of from 100 to 300 acres. These are housed during at least six months in the year, and fed on hay, with oats, bran, etc., twice a day. The English thoroughbred horse is not cared for better than these Merinos, and such is their healthiness and strength of constitution that ewes will rear lambs at 17 years old; one I saw, 21 years old, the fleece of which last year weighed 10 lbs. of fine bright wool. Such diseases as are common among our flocks—viz., fluke to rams, anthrax, and foot rot are utterly unknown; the generous feeding and not being exposed to wet, or allowed to go on wet ground, with a daily allowance of salt, effectually prevent the possibility of such diseases, many of which, such as worms and fluke, arise from debilitated constitutions, caused by imperfect nutrition.

"As for foot and mouth disease, it has rarely appeared even in cattle, and then only when it could be traced to importations of high-bred stock from Great Britain.

"It may not be uninteresting to you at the head of a department which embraces in its administration the most important industry in New South Wales, if I give you some short history of the introduction of the Spanish Merino into America, and its subsequent improvement by American breeders, the result of whose sound judgment and great perseverance will be more apparent when I give you full particulars of weights of carcass and fleece of

the Spanish Merino when introduced and the same of the Merino as it now exists among the best breeders.

"About the beginning of the present century, the United States had the good fortune to be represented at the court of Spain by a gentleman distinguished for his patriotism and sagacity, at the same time possessed of considerable private fortune. At that time, Spain was overrun by the armies of Napoleon; some of the grandees had joined the invader; the government confiscated their flocks, and, pressed for money, sold some of their choicest to Colonel Humphrey, the United States Minister. These sheep were landed safely in America, and sent to Colonel Humphrey's estate in Connecticut, where they attracted the attention of Mr. Stephen Atwood, who purchased a ewe from Colonel Humphrey, and borrowed the use of a ram at the same time; and such was his success as a breeder from this small beginning, that in 15 years he had a flock so highly improved in frame, form and wool-bearing qualities that henceforth they were called the Atwood Merinos, and became the progenitors of all the most celebrated flocks in the United States. Some of these Atwood sheep came into the possession of Mr. E. Hammond of Vermont, who improved them still further in the same direction, and to such a degree that at the International Sheep show at Hamburg, in 1863, Mr. Hammond's sheep, exhibited by Mr. G. Campbell, carried off all the leading prizes for weight of fleece from the choicest Merinos of Germany and France.

"I will now give the particulars of weights of these sheep as imported from Spain, and as improved by Atwood and Hammond. When these sheep were first introduced, the weights were as follows:

—Ewes cut five lbs in grease; live weight, 30 lbs. to 70 lbs. Rams cut eight pound in grease; live weight, 43 lbs. to 100 lbs.

"At the present time small flocks average 15 lbs unwashed wool, while their live weight runs from 90 lbs to 100 lbs.; rams shear from 26 lbs to 36 lbs, their live weight ranging from 150 lbs to 190 lbs.

"From this it will be seen what an improvement the American breeders have effected on the original Spanish Merino, merely by selection, without any admixture of other blood. His high breeding and ancient lineage is as apparent in his face as the day he left the cradle of his race on the Spanish peninsula.

GRASSES FOR PASTURE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

That the grass crop of this State—both as hay and pasture—is one of the most important all concede. I need not speak of the maxim or motto, touching the man who makes two blades of grass to grow, etc. What I do wish to know is how shall I do this? For a hay crop timothy is considered the best, while for pasture it is not good. Clover also has its place, but for a good succulent pasture—one that will, in the climate of this State, be such in the spring, summer, and autumn, what kind of grass seeds, what mixture, in what proportions, and when shall we sow? The soil also should be considered, what may be an excellent mixture for low bottom lands, or upon heavy damp soils, might not prove equally good upon medium light, or very light, dry, sandy soils. It is true I have noticed in the columns of the FARMER that sorghum for light, sandy soil was just the thing. And I should be pleased to hear from those who have tried it in the past season; but even sorghum, I suppose, would not prove satisfactory as a pasture. I also see some advocate the sowing of from three to five bushels of orchard grass per acre. At present prices for the seed few of the farmers of this State will be willing to seed five or ten acres with orchard grass, and especially if they are to run the risk of putting it on a soil not adapted to it. We have a variety of soils in this State. All can not be treated alike. All may be improved as hay and pasture lands. How shall we do it? Will not Prof. Beal or David Woodman or some other competent person who has experienced with grasses, or all of these gentlemen, give to inexperienced mortals seeking for information, the benefit of their experience? A series of articles published in the FARMER the coming winter would be interesting and profitable. Gentlemen, don't hide the light of your researches under a bushel, but let the light of your experiments shine forth for the guidance of all men.

Yours, etc.,

M.

Utica Sentinel: T. J. Shoemaker, of Mt. Clemens, has sold his Shorthorn bull Duke of Montcalm to W. H. Harvey, of this village.

Stock Notes.

MR. GEORGE B. COLE, of Lansing, has some choice young Suffolks and Berkshires which he offers at very reasonable prices. Their breeding is equal to the best.

At the recent sale of John Hewer, at Guelph, Ont., on the 24th of October, Messrs. Turner & Hudson, of Lansing, were the purchasers of several head of the finest hogs sold. Some of them were noted prize-winners at the fairs held over the border.

MESSRS. ALEX. & WM. McPHERSON, of Howell, Livingston Co., have sold the past week to Mr. G. L. Wolcott, of same place, the Shorthorn cow, with bull calf at foot, Fleming Rose, got by Fluvius 35511, dam Blush by Dexter 5504, running back to imported Strawberry by Wiseman 5367 (18317).

A. W. HAYDON, of Decatur, Mich., reports the trade in Merino rams as lively this fall. He has already sold 29 in Western Michigan and Northern Indiana. He has on hand 100 rams, part registered Vermont stock, and has lately secured 33 more registered ewes from the flock of H. E. Sanford, of West Cornwall, Vt.

MR. WM. BALL, of Hamburg, writes from Winchester, Ky., that he has bought at private sale seven heads of Young Phylises, all springing from one cow, all red and well bred, though not in a pampered condition. He says: "You see I have not lost faith in the Young Phylises. They and the Young Marys and Rose of Sharon are the cattle for our State."

MR. GEO. W. STUART, of Grand Blanc, in a private note, says that the short crops this season does not seem to affect the demand for good stock. His sales have been heavy, and the demand for rams never better, although later than usual on account of farm work being somewhat behind on account of the rains. The inquiry for cattle is also good, but the sheep business is "booming" with George.

MR. WILL E. BOYDEN, of Delhi Mills, reports the following sales of Merino sheep from his flock:

To E. S. Cushman, Delhi Mills, ram bred by W. H. Jones, No. 249.

To Wm. P. Brown, Ann Arbor, ram bred by F. & L. E. Moore, of Vermont No. 461.

To S. B. & H. F. Sears, Ann Arbor, half interest in ram 485, bred by F. & L. E. Moore. His sire was Burwell's 157, a half brother of Star Bismark. With the ewes that the Messrs. Sears have they ought to have some nice lambs, as they know a good sheep and how to care for it.

The special offer of Messrs. Phelps & Seelye in regard to Holstein heifers is worthy of the attention of any one who wishes to secure some of this breed of cattle. Their recent importation of young heifers was one of the most notable ever made in this breed, from the uniform excellence of the individual animals. The stock has all done well since its arrival in this country, and from a number of those who secured some of the animals imported, we learn that they are giving the best of satisfaction.

MESSRS. W. S. OSBORNE and Henry Wilson, of Tecumseh, Lenawee Co., in a note of Nov. 2d, announce the arrival by express of the celebrated ram Greasy Bill, owned by E. S. Parmelee, of West Bloomfield, N. Y., in which they have purchased a half interest. Greasy Bill's breeding is as follows: Sire, Young Captain (435) N. Y. Register; g. sire, "Peck & Goodrich" (433); g. g. sire, Warner (432); g. g. g. sire, Hubbard, (431), bred by A. Hubbard, Whiting, Vermont. Dam of Bill was bred by Wm. R. Pitts, Honeyoe, N. Y., and sired by Ocelos 3d (320). His shearing record is a grand one and is as follows: First fleece, 22 1/2 lbs.; 2d fleece, 33 lbs. 12 oz.; third fleece, 40 lbs., making a total of 95 lbs. 4 oz. at three public shearings, or an average of 32 lbs. 14 oz. per fleece. He is represented to be a sheep of wonderful constitution, and his crop of lambs this season very fine. We hope to see "William" before long, and see how he compares with our Michigan stock.

MESSRS. GALBRAITH BROS., of Janesville, Wis., as will be seen by their advertisement in another column, have decided to offer at auction, during the Chicago Fat Stock Show, a number of high-bred imported Clydesdale horses. The exact date of the sale is Thursday, November 15, and it will be held in the Exposition Building. Most of the horses to be sold are prize-winners at the State Fairs this season, and some of them carried off prizes in Scotland before coming to this country. The Galbraith Bros. are thoroughly conversant with the breeding of Clydesdale horses, having had long experience on one of the best known farms in Scotland, and an extensive acquaintance with the breeders of that country. They have established a reputation here for the quality of the stock they have brought over, which has been of a high character. The sale will be a very attractive one, as there will be all ages represented, from yearlings to four year olds, both in stallions and mares. The sale will begin at 1 o'clock, P. M.

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At Afton, Ohio, traces of gold have been found, and there is great excitement.

The estimated reduction of the public debt for October, is \$10,000,000.

Last week Milwaukee's paper mill at New Market, N. H., burned, loss \$30,000.

The War Department has ordered a court of inquiry into the failure of the Greeley expedition.

Gen. Sherman retired from the command of the army on the 1st, and Gen. Sheridan succeeded him.

An explosion of crocodiles, at a factory near Norfolk, last week destroyed the entire establishment; loss \$100,000.

J. M. Cockerill, editor of Leavenworth, Kansas, suicided at Plattville, Mo., in a fit of mental aberration caused by illness.

The President sustains the action of the Postmaster-General in the matter of the New Orleans National Bank and the lottery.

The steamer St. Francis, which cost \$40,000, sank in Lacine Rapids in the St. Lawrence, last week. All the passengers were saved.

The father of Mary Churchill, the missing St. Louis girl, has received a letter from her, which gives no clue to her whereabouts.

A boy, N. Y., who is in trouble at Albany, because of a youthful affectionate heart, was engaged to eighteen young women.

L. C. Tate, clerk in the Washington post office, has been arrested charged with collecting \$5 from a fellow clerk on a "political assessment."

Two reporters for Chicago papers had a fight in the Criminal Court at St. Louis over a matter of professional rivalry, and one bit the other's finger nearly off.

Frank Hyland, wanted in Youngstown, Ohio, for an attempted murder, was found in Atlanta, Ga., by means of newspaper clippings he had in his pocket.

The daughter of De Witt Talmage was married last week in Brooklyn, N. Y. Three thousand invitations were issued.

The "Big Swamp," Robeson County, N. C., containing 20,000 acres, has been sold by the State for \$2.50 per acre, and will be cleared at once for agricultural purposes.

The great National fat stock show opened last week at Kansas City with a parade of 500 head of cattle. The show was fine, all breeds and sections of the country being represented.

A awful boiler explosion occurred on Goldberg's plantation, near Vicksburg, Miss., last week. It shook the neighborhood for a mile. Four people were blown to pieces and 10 wounded.

The Land Commissioner reports that the disposal of public lands during the year embraced 25,000,700 acres and Indian lands 399,333 acres, an increase over 1882 of about 5,000,000 acres.

Last year the total weight of mules dispatched to countries of the postal union, with the exception of Canada, was 2,532,930 pounds, an increase of 229,114 pounds over the weight the year before.

Garrett Oakshot, a Boston telegraph messenger boy, has received a letter from a girl, left him by a person who became acquainted with him in his business, and who admired his honesty and industry.

Mrs. O'Donnell, wife of Carey's slayer, is in service as a domestic in Philadelphia. She makes affidavit that O'Donnell didn't go to Africa to kill Carey, but went to try his luck in the diamond mines.

Upon the change in the command of the army, Gen. Sherman's drum was sent to him. It was composed of 2,143 officers and 23,335 men, 2,149 less than the full complement.

The Buffalo City Controller has declined a nomination, coming to a deficit of \$5,000. His friends say he is demoralized. There is considerable ground for the suspicion, since he only stole the paltry sum of \$5,000.

By proceedings in the United States Court, at Denver, the title of a tract of valuable land in Colorado, fraudulently obtained under the pre-emption law 10 years ago, was cancelled, though now held by innocent parties.

A destructive fire occurred at Savannah, Ga., on the night of the 31st inst., which resulted in the loss of eight lives, and the cremating of a cotton warehouse with 3,000 bales of cotton, the electric light works and an iron foundry.

Wiloughby, a village twenty miles east of Cleveland, Ohio, was ravaged by fire on the 2nd. There was no fire department in the village and a strong wind blowing at the time rendered the efforts of the citizens unavailing.

Near Washington, Pa., on the 1st, a lad of seventeen presented a rusty revolver at his nine year old brother with the usual result. The little boy died in a few moments, and the big boy pleads "didn't know it was loaded."

At Mulberry Grove, Ill., Allen Carpenter committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a train of cars. He had been almost entirely blind for three years, and having been told his infirmity could not be cured, became despondent and took his own life.

It is stated that some prominent ladies take advantage of the loose divorce law of Connecticut and by pending the requisite time required to become a resident, at Newport, the fashionable resorts, are enabled to break their matrimonial bonds almost at pleasure.

The "five per cent." cases are being argued before the United States Court. They involve the right of certain States to a per cent. of the proceeds of public lands sold in these States. All stock in the American Jersey Cattle Co. is involved.

At Freyer's Creek, ten miles from New Westminster, O., Albert Finzer murdered his wife and their three children, and then shot himself. It is supposed that he was insane, and his inability to work, he had become deranged, and committed the fearful deed when brooding over the possibility of coming to want.

Daniel B. Vermilye was arrested at Chicago last week on charge of embezzling \$125,000 from the Western stone and marble company, in which he was a stockholder. Gen. Myers, now on the retired list, has sued Vermilye for \$20,000, claiming that he had loaned him for \$25,000 damages for alleged slander.

A tragedy resulted from a game of croquet near Woodbury, N. J., last week. The players were two men and two women, all Germans. Rudolph Ulms became excited, and kicked the ball, and kicked her with his heavy croquet mallet. She became unconscious at once and died soon after. Hines was arrested.

Italians grading track for the Pittsburgh, Cleveland & Toledo road at Youngstown, Ohio, were assaulted by a force of laborers from the Eagle Fur company. The assaulting party made two men and a woman, and a woman, and the like. The Italian laborers were severely and several badly burned and otherwise injured.

The first bale of cotton ever picked from the field by machinery was exhibited at the Charleston Cotton Exchange last week. The condition of the cotton was pronounced by cotton men to be as good as that of hand picked cotton of the same grade. The bale was picked near Sumter, S. C., by a cotton harvesting machine.

A Canadian named L. A. Stanford, has been found a lively business in forged checks at Montreal. He forged a check for \$100 on the Bank of Montreal, and with it, a superior, in getting the difference in money. A firm in London had \$6,000 of these forged checks, and the total amount gained by this means is said to aggregate tens of thousands of dollars.

Ella Hickman, a pretty young lady of Reading, Pa., was found in the Schuylkill Canal at Lancaster, below Reading, where she had gone to visit a neighbor. Theories are advanced as to whether she accidentally fell in, or was thrown in, or committed suicide, or was thrown in. No marks of violence were found on her person, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death.

A respectable and wealthy young lady of New Haven, Conn., who had been married in church on the 31st inst., was found dead in the water, her body floating in the water. The unfortunate girl received a letter saying she was going to visit a friend, and very soon after, the circumstances of her death were ascertained. It seems she is very poor, and had gone into financial straits which prevented him from keeping his word.

Thomas Hogan, serving a three years sentence in the penitentiary for burglary, has been pardoned by the governor for the purpose of obtaining his testimony to aid in prosecuting the National printing office, which was charged with conspiring with thieves, of whom Hogan was one, to rob the Metropolitan Bank of Washington, the National printing office and to rob other crimes. Should Hogan keep his word with the Government, and

make good some of his statements, he will be forced to trial as a defendant.

Foreign.

Manchester miners, numbering 200,000, demanded an advance of 15 percent.

De Briza, the French explorer, is reported to have been killed by savages on the upper Congo, in Africa.

A dynamite cartridge was exploded in the office of the Chief of Police at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, last week, but no one was injured.

The Egyptian army under Hicks Pasha were attacked by ten "hoolah" Arabs. The latter were repulsed with great loss of life, 8,000 being killed.

The governor of the Chinese province Yan man will take a hand in the Tonquin trouble, and will be assisted by fourteen thousand troops.

A special cable from Berlin says that the government has ordered a rigid quarantine of all German ports in consequence of the outbreak of cholera at Peking.

A great excitement was caused in Liverpool on the 31st inst., because of the failure of two large firms of cotton brokers. The suspensions had depressed the stock market.

The English steamer Holyhead and the German ship Albatross were in collision off the head and both sunk last week. Thirteen of the latter's crew and two of the former's drowned.

A riot occurred in London last week, because of the attempt of the Lord Mayor of Dublin to lecture in the City Hall. Orange men took possession of the hall and prevented the lecture there, but it was delivered elsewhere.

On the night of Oct. 30th two explosions took place in the underground railways in London, England. The tunnels were battered and great damage done. Eighty persons were injured, many of whom will die. The explosion at Charing Cross occurred directly under a passing train. The act is charged to the Fenians.

1,800 Organs in October, 1883.

Eighteen hundred organs were shipped from Mayor Beatty's organ factory for the month of October, exclusive of pianos. This is the largest shipment ever made from any organ factory in a single month.—Washington, N. J., Review, Nov. 2, 1883.

Music Everywhere.

That wonderful musical instrument, the Organetta is advertised in this issue by Mass. Organ Co., 37 Wash. St., Boston. It is the ideal home instrument. You can dance to it; you can sing to it; a mere child can play it; it incalculates a love of music in old and young, and develops and cultivates the ear. The music is perfectly accurate, and the wonderful Organetta will play any tune. At the price, \$2.50, it is within the reach of all.

R. S. & A. P. Lay, old and well-known Patent Attorneys of Washington, D. C., publish an interesting volume on the subject of Patents, which is sent free on application.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Choice Imported

TOILETTE

VERY LOW PRICES!

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

When in Detroit and Looking for

CARPETS,

CURTAINS

— OR —

Furniture Coverings

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

have the Largest Stock and Best Variety in the State.

A special purchase of

LACE CURTAINS,

3 1/2 yards long, from \$1.35 per pair worth \$2.00 per pair.

Agents for the "STANDARD" and "AURORA" Carpet Sweepers.

Abbot & Ketchum

141 Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT, MICH.

Cabinets \$3

Per Dozen at

RAIDERS!

East Grand Circus Park,

DETROIT, - - - MICH.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Linseed Meal

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST FEED FOR

Cattle, Horses & Hogs

The Meal Made by the

Detroit Linseed Oil Co

is the product of pure sound Flaxseed only, Linseed being its other name.

The reason why Linseed Meal is the most nutritious of all foods is because it contains the largest proportion of nitrogenous substance.

The effects of Nitrogenous Foods, such as Linseed Meal, may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. Feed with stow or other coarse fodder they acquire a value as food not attainable in any other way.

2. They add great value to the dairy.

3. They lay on flesh and fat rapidly.

4. They promote a healthy activity in all the organs.

5. They increase the fertility of the soil by enriching the manure of animals fed with them.

6. They prevent disease by keeping the organs in a healthy condition.

7. They are used in the manufacture of Linseed Meal.

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Poetry.

THE TRAMP.

Lemme sit down a minute, a stone's got in my shoe;
Don't you commence cussin', I ain't done nothin' to you;
Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it? Folks say we ain't no good;
But tramps has to live, I reckon, tho' folks don't think we should.
Once I was strong and handsome, had plenty of cash and clothes,
That was before I tumbled and got into my nose down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people grow—
I was a blacksmith, cap'n—yes, and a good one, too;
Me and my wife and Nelly—Nelly was just sixteen
She was the prettiest creeter the valley had ever seen.
Bessie! why, she had a dozen—had 'em from near and far—
But they were mostly farmers—none of 'em suited her.
There was a city stranger, young, handsome and tall,
Darn him, I wish I had strangled against that wall.
He was the man for Nelly—she didn't know no ill;
Mother, she tried to stop her, but you know a young gal's will.
Well, it's the same old story—common enough you'll say;
He was a soft-tongued devil, and got her to run away.
More than a month or so, we heard from the poor young thing,
He'd gone away and left her without a wedding ring.
Back to her home we brought her, back to her mother's side;
Filled with raging fever—she fell at my feet and died.
Frenzied with shame and trouble, her mother began to sulk;
Dead—in less than a fortnight—that's when I took to drink,
Gimme one glass, carnal, and then I'll be on my way;
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel, if it takes till the judgment day.

A CHARMING WOMAN.

*A charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,
And her form is quite as good as the best,
Where Nature has given the honey-stuff,
And a clever milliner all the rest.
Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way,
With the feminine gift of ready speech;
And knows very well what not to say
Whenever the theme transcends her reach;
But turns the topic on things to wear,
From an opera cloak to a robe de nuit—
Hats, baubles, or bonnets—'twill make you stare
To see how fluent the lady can be.
Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;
For an honest laugh must always start
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,
And here is purely a matter of art—
A muscular motion made to show
What Nature designed to lie beneath
The finer mouth; but what can she do,
If that is ruined, to show her teeth?
To her seat in church—a good half-mile—
When the day is fine she is sure to go;
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style
La mode de Paris has got to show;
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?)
And thinks how her prayer-book's tint of blue
Must harmonize with her milky skin.
And what shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of whom she never talks,
And talks of authors she never reads?
"She's a charming woman," I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.

PHILOPENA.

"What sort of a gift will I take?"
Asks my fancy debtor,
"Shall he make, or buy, the thing,
Which do I like better?"
"Know'st thou—priser—at the bar,
(Still I hold her tightly),
The meaning of that Grecian word?"
"No," she answers lovingly.
"Panna—penalty; philo—love,
According to the letter,
And if you cannot pay the debt
I must keep the debtor."
"Would you buy your sentence off?
Useless the endeavor;
Yet, if you work the whole term out,
It will take forever!"

Miscellaneous.

THE PASSENGER'S STORY.

The night mail upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad had reached the heavy up grade a few miles beyond Kanakia station, when it became evident to the passengers that something had gone decidedly wrong. The speed of the train sensibly slackened; there came a series of tremendous jolts, accompanied by a curious and unpleasant whirring sound, followed in turn by a complete stoppage. A dozen heads were thrust inquisitively out of the car windows, and as many voices insisted upon knowing all about it immediately. In these days of magnificent collisions and holocausts, the traveling public exhibits an astonishing amount of interest in railway concerns, to the great scorn and indignation of all officials connected. "You have nothing to fear," said the conductor, who passed through the car, superb in gold buttons and official dignity. "We have struck an up grade where an oil train stopped and the drivers don't take hold. We shall get the sand running in half a minute." It was, doubtless, clear enough to those who understand such matters, but to me his explanation was mere jargon. As somebody said of Coleridge's commentary upon his poem, "Christabel," I wished he "would explain his explanation." The gentleman who occupied the seat immediately in front of me, a fine, middle-aged man, with an erect, military air, seemed to have no difficulty in making out the state of affairs. He smiled and nodded with an exceedingly knowing look, and was preparing to settle himself comfortably in his seat again, when I tapped him upon the shoulder, and said: "Excuse me, sir, but what has happened? The conductor's explanation is Chinese to me. What does he mean by the tracks being oil?"

The gentleman turned about so as to face me. "It is a simple matter," he said, courteously, "to those who have an idea of railroad affairs. The power of an engine depends upon the friction of the drivers on the tracks—taking hold, as it is called. If there is oil upon the rails, especially upon an up grade, there is no friction, consequently the wheels simply spin around upon the train."
"Ah," said I, "I comprehend."
"I could illustrate the case by an event which occurred to me upon this very spot some years ago. I have always thought it a rather remarkable incident, and perhaps you may find it so. The circumstance I refer to," he continued, "took place during the war. I was at that time an Adjutant upon General Thomas' staff during the exciting and momentous campaign in the mountains of Tennessee. If you remember, there were many times when it was feared that our last hour had come. Our communications were repeatedly cut off, and our whole command in danger of instant destruction. It was at one of those times that the event I will relate, occurred.
"We were at this time entrenched upon a spur of the hills around Chattanooga, whither we had been driven by the desperate courage of the confederates. Our stores had run low, and but one line of communication was open to us, that of the railroad into the eastern part of the State. By a brilliant flank movement, the confederates succeeded in throwing a line across this one highway; and there we were, hemmed in like a woodchuck in his burrow. Starvation or surrender stared us in the face. One or the other of these alternatives we must accept in a few days at most, unless some unexpected change took place very speedily.
"It is, perhaps, difficult for us to comprehend the feelings of a commander, hitherto successful, and with the fate, perhaps, of a nation depending upon his action, placed in such a position as our General then was. I saw his face grow hourly more pale and despairing, his step slower and more feeble, and his whole air that of a man whose heart and spirit were breaking under the strain. But Thomas was not the man to yield until every resource had been sounded to the bottom. And there was still one resource yet left—a very desperate and almost hopeless one, it is true.
"Forty miles to the eastward of us, lay Stockton's command of nearly 30,000 men, serenely unconscious of our danger and their own. Several days before, Stockton had been directed to occupy a pass in the mountains on the left, and to hold it until further orders. Of course, unaware of the predicament of the main army, he would make no movement to our relief. Communication was now cut off, and it seemed a matter of impossibility to reopen it through the heavy lines of confederates, which lay across the railroad. Gen. Thomas, however, determined to try it, and I was selected for the dangerous but honorable duty of the attempt.
"We had reason to suppose that the enemy had not destroyed the railroad, and that if we were not captured at the outset we might get an engine through to Kanakia station, where Stockton lay.
"At half-past ten o'clock my orders were given me, and I mounted the engine which was either to carry me to my death or save the army. It was not a powerful machine, but it was the best at our disposal, and in good order, fortunately. One of our men who had been an engineer, undertook to manage the engine, and another to fire it. Both were cool, tried men, but as we stepped into the cab together I saw them shake hands with their comrades, and bid them farewell. Evidently neither of them expected to get through alive.
"Put in a couple of extra tallow cans, John," said the engineer. "We are going to make time, and I expect the old machine will heat up freely."
"The cans were stowed away in the caboose, the engineer opened the throttle valve, and amid an impressive silence in the crowd surrounding the starting point, we moved slowly away. About two miles distant lay the first battery which the enemy had thrown up to command the road; beyond that were several more; to say nothing of several picket lines scattered along the tracks. So you will perceive we were to run a pretty warm gauntlet.
"We had proceeded but a very short distance when there was a flash and a report from the shrubbery skirting the road, and a bullet crashed through the window of the cab. An out-post had already discovered us, and had given us a foretaste of what we were to expect further on.
"Let her out!" I said to the engineer. "There is no use in trying to hide ourselves. Speed is our only chance now."
"Very good, sir," replied the engineer, opening the valve as he spoke. The engine bounded like a spurred horse. On we went, swaying from side to side, until it seemed as if we must jump the track. Meanwhile our enemies along the road were not idle. Bullet after bullet whistled by us, but fortunately, what with the darkness and the rapidity of our motion, none of them reached us.
"We had now arrived in sight of the first battery. By the lights moving hurriedly along the parapet, it was obvious that our approach was expected. As we passed abreast the battery, it gave us its first compliment in the shape of a round shot, followed by a storm of grape. Here, again, the darkness and our speed saved us. Several of the grape shot glanced off the frame of the engine without doing any damage.
"Give her some more fire, John," said the engineer, grimly. "If they happen to knock a hole in us with one of them bits of iron, you won't do more firing, my boy, I tell you that."
"Not in this world, anyway," responded the fireman, with saturnine humor. "Can't tell what I may do in the next world, William."
"The reckless bravery of the two men in the face of such danger, shamed away my own arising terror, and I folded my arms and looked toward the battery, which was evidently preparing to give us another salute. It came in the shape of a conical shot, with so true an aim that it

whizzed within a foot of the boiler, and carried off the bell, which fell with a clang among the bushes.
"Thank you," said the engineer, with a grin. "We don't need the bell, anyhow. You can use it yourself, to ring to dinner with."
"By this time we had passed out of the first battery, and were under the guns of two more. These works had been constructed to command the junction of our road with another running south. There was also a station at this point, and as we whirled by, I saw an engine standing upon a siding, with steam up. I caught sight of a number of men running toward it, as well as others busy with a car which stood near it. What they were at I could not make out, for we passed them like a flash of lightning. At this moment, too, the batteries, which had probably received telegraphic notice of our approach, opened fire upon us, and for a moment the air seemed to be alive with shrieking iron.
"More fire, John," cried the engineer; "ram her full up to the door, or it's all up with us."
"The fireman stooped to obey, but at that moment a shell struck upon the caboose, and burst within three feet of us. It was a ten-inch monster, and how any of us escaped alive, I fail to see. As it was, when the dust and smoke cleared away, I found the top of the cab gone, a portion of the caboose torn off, and the fireman lying in a heap on the floor, with his arm broken.
"I'm knocked out, William," he groaned; "and now who's to fire her for the rest of the trip?"
"I will," I said. "I think I can manage it."
"After placing the poor fellow in as comfortable a position as possible, I seized the shovel and begun my new duties.
"By this time we had passed out of range of the batteries, which now and then, however, sent a sullen shot in our direction, as a parting evidence of their good will.
"We are safe! I said with a sigh of relief; that was their last line of works. The road is clear before us."
"I hope so, sir," responded the engineer. "How is your arm, John?"
"Very bad, William," groaned the fireman; "but that ain't the worst of it. We ain't through with the trouble, yet."
"What do you mean?" I asked. "The scouts say that there are no troops beyond us, except our own at Kanakia station."
"But they are following us," replied the poor fireman. "They are after us hot and heavy."
"I looked at the engineer under the impression that the fireman was in a delirium with his injury.
"He's right, Captain," said the engineer, listening intently. "Sure as fate they have pulled out the engine we saw at the junction, and are chasing us."
"But there's no possibility of their overtaking us," I replied.
"I don't know about that," he said, gravely. "That engine is a heavy one, and I have seen her make a good fifty miles with a train behind her. This one is a light machine, and I can't promise more than forty at the most. Besides they have the advantage of us in the fact that they have a car attached, and we are running alone."
"I should suppose that our lightness would be rather in our favor than otherwise," I responded.
"Got something to balance her," grunted the fireman, sententiously.
"John is right," explained the engineer. "You see, sir, if an engine has no weight behind her, she is apt to jump and pound the rails, and if you put her at speed, to get off the track altogether. So, while that engine behind us can do forty miles, we can't even let out to forty miles, without danger of a smash-up."
"I now comprehended the extent of our peril. We had only run the gauntlet of Scylla to be more effectually destroyed by Charybdis. To have been killed by a round shot from the fort, would have been, at least, a soldier's death. To be run down and picked off coolly like ducks on a puddle, was to put it mildly, a decidedly undignified way of settling accounts with the world. As for surrender, I am certain that neither of my comrades thought of it as a means of escape, any more than I did. A sacred trust, involving a fate of an army, perhaps of a nation, had been placed with us. To yield it to any but the skeleton hand of death itself, was a notion which never entered our heads. It was then life, and more than life that hung upon its issue, and it was with such sensations as come to few men's experience, that we listened to the dull roar of the approaching engine.
"Meanwhile our own little machine was not idle. I had kept the furnace at a white heat. The steam, pent up in the boiler, groaned and wheezed like the breathing of an imprisoned giant. The wheels spun around upon the tracks, crashing from side to side, until there were moments when even the engineer peered with a startled eye out of the side window at the complicated mechanism below. As we passed over a long trestle bridge across a wide marsh, I saw, emerging from the shadows at the other end, the black form of the pursuing engine, followed by the car, through whose lighted windows a crowd of armed men were visible. Here we had a momentary advantage, for desperate as our enemies might be, their engine dared not carry its weighty engine over the light framework as rapidly as we had gone. It was but a trifling gain, however, for once on the solid road-bed again, the monster came on at redoubled speed.
"More fire, Captain," muttered the engineer at this moment. "On this grade we must do our best, or it will be all over in five minutes."
"I opened the furnace door and began to shovel in the coal. Upon the instant there was a flash and a report from the cab windows of the pursuing engine, and a rifle ball smashed the clock in our cab, within an inch of the engineer's head.
"The flames gave them a fine mark," observed the engineer, calmly. "That ball was meant for me, and but for the swaying of the engine, it would have hit, too."
"I completed my task as speedily as possible, and closed the furnace door. We were now in darkness again and if a ball reached us, it must be by accident. Our enemies made no further attempt, however, confident, doubtless, of unning us down very shortly. And well they might be. We had ten miles yet to run before they themselves would be in danger of capture or destruction from our own division at Kanakia. During the last ten miles they had decreased the distance one-half, and running as we now were, it would be all up with us in five miles more.
"Is there nothing we can do?" I asked, anxiously.
"Pitch something on the track," said the fireman from his corner. "Maybe you can catch their wheels. Try one of those fire bars."
"It's a good idea, John," replied the engineer. "Perhaps you had better make the experiment, Captain."
"I seized one of the bars, a piece of metal as thick as a crowbar and ten feet long, and clambering over the coal in the caboose, leaned down and dropped the bar as nearly as I could across the track. Heaven forgive me! But with what interest I waited for some crash or outcry which should signal the destruction of our pursuers! In a moment more there was a sharp clang along the rails behind us, and a crackling among the bushes lining the road.
"She has kicked it off," said the engineer. "Try my heavy overcoat. I've known a piece of cloth like that to get among the wheels and jam them so that you couldn't stir them an inch."
"I did as directed. The garment fell across the track, and exactly where the forward trucks could strike it. Presently there was a heavy jolting sound behind us, and a shrill escape of steam.
"Caught!" cried the engineer. "It has only wedged into the piston bar, they may work it out."
"Some accident had certainly happened to our enemies, for all sounds of pursuit rapidly died away, and we began to breathe freer. We had now reached a point within five miles of Kanakia, in two or three more we should be within the line of our outposts. At this moment I saw the engineer lean forward and listen again, intently.
"What is it?" I asked.
"After us again," he said, quietly. "The coat merely retarded them a little. They are here!"
"I could now plainly perceive the black figure of the engine, emitting white clouds of steam into the pale night sky, whirling swiftly around a curve not sixty rods behind. Angered with the delay, and knowing that if we were to be captured at all, it must be within the next ten minutes, they were coming more rapidly than ever. We were at the foot of this very up grade where we now are. It extends for nearly three miles beyond Kanakia, and is one of the heaviest in the country. It was at this point that our fate was decided. From the moment we ran up to it, our light engine began to lose ground hopelessly. Our pursuers were now so near that we could plainly observe the movements of those in the engine cab by the light of their guage lamp.
"Oh, for five minutes more!" I groaned. "It is horrible to be trapped or killed in sight of friends or safety."
"Yes," muttered the engineer, "there is no hope now. When they fire there won't be much left of us. And they will, too, in half a moment."
"I've an idea," said the fireman, arising stiffly from his corner. "I can't fight, and I can't fire the machine, but I've one arm left, and that'll do to hold her steady while you and William are putting a spoke in their wheel."
"But how?" cried the engineer.
"Speak quick, John; moments are gold, now."
"Where are the tallow cans we put on board?" asked the fireman.
"Bravo, John, just the thing," exclaimed the engineer, as he perceived a meaning in the other's words which escaped me utterly. "Captain, those dispatches are safe, and you owe it to John; for I should never have thought of it in a lifetime."
"By this time the fireman was standing at the valves, and the engineer had found the tallow cans, two brass vessels, each holding a gallon or more with long, curved spouts. One of these he gave to me, while he kept the other himself, and we scrambled over the coal to the rear of the tender. I had not the remotest idea of what we were going to accomplish, and there was no time to lose in any explanation.
"Now," said my companion, in an excited tone, "lean over and pour your tallow carefully upon the track as we go along. Don't waste a drop, and don't leave a foot of rail unrolled."
"I obeyed him in silence, and soon the tracks for a long distance behind us were shining with the thick, greasy fluid. When the contents of the cans were exhausted, the engineer said, as he arose from his cramped position:
"I think we've fixed them. John, old man, you can ease her up a trifle. We shall have no more trouble to-night."
"I looked back and saw that our pursuers had just reached the oiled section of the track. Their own momentum carried them forward some distance, and there was a harsh, whirring sound, and a furious escape of steam. All was plain to us, now. On the up grade, the drivers, finding no resistance on the oiled track, simply whirled around, without bearing the engine on a foot. It was as helpless as a hamstrung elephant.
"At this moment a shot was fired in the road before us, and a hoarse voice commanded us to halt. Well aware that we were now among friends, our engine was stopped, and the facts explained to the officer in command of the detachment.
"There is little more to relate. Our pursuers and their engine were neatly captured. Stockton's division made a forward movement, and relieved Thomas and his army from their perilous position. As for myself and my brave companions, we were not forgotten, and I am glad to say that the inventive John, whose timely suggestions had saved our engine, and perhaps our army, left the service with the rank of Captain, in the engineer corps. Having finished his story, and our train at the same time beginning to move on, my interesting companion wrapped himself up in his cloak, and was soon asleep.
—Frank Leslie.

UP THE FLUE.
"You must have some rare experiences to tell us, Mrs. Boswell," said persuasive Lieutenant Russell, while we waited for the mail stage. "You have been at this frontier post ever since Captain Boswell was stationed here."
"Yes, we have been here eight years," she replied, with the rare smile that glorified her face. "I have passed through many trying ordeals here, but I really think that I had an adventure in the East, before I married the Captain, equal to anything that I have experienced."
"Will you relate it, and oblige us?" urged Russell.
"Thank you," said our little hostess, "I don't mind."
Three of us were sitting in an inner apartment of the small frontier hotel. The bar-room was packed with miners, and we had chosen to have our supper served by ourselves, as we had appointed to go on to Custer City in company.
"It was in 18—," she began; "I had just made the acquaintance of Captain Boswell, as he, having some business matters to arrange with father, had called at our place several times. Finally, there came a rare day in autumn, and he and father were closeted the greater part of the day, overhauling papers, memoranda, deeds and receipts. My father at the time was doing a great deal of business as an attorney.
"At tea-time father said to me; 'Bess, you won't mind an evening alone, so long as Thompson is about, will you?'
"I said no, for although there were many robberies being committed in the neighboring cities, private families in the suburbs felt no fear. Our house was a mile from the city proper, and a half mile from neighbors either way.
"We find," he continued, "that the Captain has got to hunt up some more papers concerning the estate before he can give Barron a satisfactory title. We shall go to Judge Whitcomb's office, and our search may be so successful that 11 o'clock will find us home again. Still, we may be detained longer. Shall I call and tell your cousin Milly to come down and spend the night with you?"
"No—yes, I contradictorily answered. 'Do as you please; I am not timid in the least, with Thomas about.'
"But Captain Boswell is going to leave \$5,000 here until he returns."
"Does anyone know about the money?"
"Only ourselves."
"Then I am not afraid. Besides, you are likely to be back before graveyards yawn, and thieves do walk abroad."
"Thomas brought the horse round, and while father spoke to him I touched the Captain's sleeve.
"Where is your money left?"
"In your father's desk in the library. Then he looked with a tender, inquiring glance into my face (how the little woman's cheek flushed at the memory) and said: 'Little girl, if you are in the least afraid we will not go to-night, although it is absolutely necessary.'
"I told him, honestly, that I was not afraid. I never had that strain of timidity in my make-up peculiar to woman-kind; and so they rode away.
"I sang about my work as I put things in shape around the room, and viewed the brilliant sunset, without a fear or care.
"Thomas, our new man-of-all-work, was very busy pottering about the grounds, tying up grapevines and mulching evergreens. I knew there was some coarse aftermath upon the hill that father was anxious to have put on the strawberry beds, and seeing Thomas go up there with his basket I tied a scarf over my head, took another basket and went up to help him.
"As I passed up the hill I saw a man in the highway speak to him. I hesitated about going on, but the man made only a moment's pause and then went down the hill and was soon concealed by a turn in the highway.
"Who was that, Thomas?" inquired.
"Oh, miss, it was a man from the mills, saying that my brother has had a bad fall on the dam and is bellowing for me to come and see him. His legs are broken entirely."
"What will you do?"
"I told the man I could not come to see him to-day—but if I went, miss, I would be sure to be back by 11 o'clock, if not earlier."
"You may go, Thomas, if your brother is hurt so bad. Papa will not be away long."
"But, my young lady—"
"Never mind me in such a case as this. I always was very kind-hearted. 'You may go, and I will run right back to the house.'
"He talked a few minutes more, was profuse in his thanks for my kindness, and then started down for the city. I took up the two baskets and went singing to the house.
"I sat an hour by the open window, enjoying intensely this being alone, and the quiet beauty of this cool autumn evening.
"Perhaps you will wonder at this," and the dimples played about her pretty mouth, "but little birds were singing a new song in my heart, and the quiet let me hear the sweet echoes.
"But directly I chided myself for being rather careless, as the road was a thoroughfare, and a chance straggler might surprise me. I arose, closed my window, and obeying some strange impressive power, I walked through the hall into the library, took my father's key from its accustomed place, unlocked the desk, found the package of \$5,000, and placing it in my bosom, unlocked the door and returned to the sitting room. I did not light a lamp; I had no need for a fire, as that from the kitchen stove warmed the sitting-room sufficiently in this mild weather.
"The house was old-fashioned, very, with a fireplace in the sitting room opening into a chimney of capacity sufficient for open fires later on; but the house being an ancestral pile was getting somewhat dilapidated, and the partition separating the flues in the large chimney had fallen in. Men had been sent out to clear the rubbish and make repairs, but the work, half done, was suspended on ac-

count of the arrival of Captain Boswell and this important business affair.
"I would have enjoyed immensely to kindle a sparkling fire in the huge fireplace, but as affairs were I could not. So I mused in darkness for hours. I really took no heed of time, until my quick ear caught the sound of a footfall approaching, close up to the doorstep, I could have taken my oath. It was so light an echo that I sprang to my feet, thinking that my Cousin Milly, absent when my father called, and returning later, had come down to stay with me.
"I sprang up with a smile to answer her knock, albeit I was a little jealous of her pretty face; but no knock came, and the echoes died out, and altogether I concluded I had deceived myself in regard to them. Anyhow, I would light the lamp. I did so, and was startled to find it past 10 o'clock. I was sufficiently aroused from my reverie to want a book from the library shelves. I took my lamp and went singing into the room.
"I obtained the desired volume, stepped down from the stool, and—
"If ever any one felt themselves dying I did at that moment. My song died on my lips, while a thousand thoughts seemed to flash into my mind in one instant. Involuntarily I gasped, and then with a strong effort of the will power, for which I am famous, I took up the song again and sang it to the close.
"Among other things I remembered that the lock was off the library door for repairs. I remembered the lateness of the hour and the probability that all the people were in bed and asleep. I remembered the footsteps in the doorway, and—there was a fresh, pungent smell of tobacco-smoke in the room. A scent of smoke that was not in the room when I was there and placed the package of money in my bosom.
"Do you wonder that my brain reeled and my heart stopped beating for an instant? Besides, whoever the robber was, he would soon begin work, not knowing how early my father and the Captain might return. And I should be murdered. Somewhere within a few yards or a few feet of me the robber assassin was concealed—either in the recess behind the cabinet, or under the long, draped, paper-strewn table.
"A faint sound outside nearly made me set down the lamp; still I had unconsciously left my first song and was singing:
"For his bride a soldier won her.
And a winning tongue had he."
"I knew that temporary salvation—power and liberty to leave that room, even—depended upon my appearing unconscious of the robber's proximity.
"I got out of the library and found myself in the sitting room. A hasty glance at the door showed the key absent from the lock.
"Treachery!
"I wonder that this new revelation did not suffocate me. The man on the highway—the injured brother—Thomas had betrayed us. He had overheard about the money. A robber was in the house and another was outside. My retreat would be cut off. How thoughts ran riot through my mind? How would they kill me? Would I suffer long? At this instant I was sure that I heard a faint creak of the library door at the far end of the long hall.
"One swift, despairing glance around me, one wild idea of escape, and I extinguished the light upon the table, and, crouching in the fire-place, I rested one foot upon the andiron, swung out the iron crane, stepped the other foot upon the strong support and rose up into the flue. Something touched my head. Thank God! It was the rope with which the dislodged bricks had been hoisted out. Grasping this with my hands I held myself like a wedge in the opening. If I had envied large, noble-looking women before I now had reason to be thankful for my diminutive form and ninety odd of avoid-doups.
"I had little time, however to think of anything except the imminent danger of knocking down a fragment of brick or mortar, and thus discovering my hiding-place, for the clock began with sonorous peals to strike eleven. Under cover of its echoes there were quick, soft steps in the hall, and the bolt of the outer door was withdrawn. The huge flue must have acted like a telephone, for I heard every sound with fearful distinctness. First, there was a pause by the door of the sitting-room, then breathing in it, then whispering.
"I heard Thomas distinctly, when he said:
"She isn't here; she's gone to bed; but the money is in the library."
"Be cautious," advised a strange voice, "and we may not have to hurt her."
"They carefully retreated, and my heart struck off the seconds against my ribs in a way that was suffocating, for I knew that their search would soon be over, and what then?
"In less than five minutes they were whispering in the room again.
"Confound her!" aspirated Thomas, "she took the money with her."
"Then we'll have it if—"
"The pause meant all that words could convey.
"The cold sweat was coming out of every pore of my body. The dust of the creosote had penetrated my mouth and nostrils, and I had to take one hand from the rope in their absence and place a finger upon my lips to prevent sneezing.
"Come, hurry," was the angry watchword exchanged between them, and I heard the stairs creaking as they ascended to my chamber. Thomas was familiar with all the house.
"Why did I not drop down and escape outside?
"First, then, they had locked the outer door and withdrawn the key to prevent a surprise from without. Second, there might be a third confederate outside. But the most reason of all was, it seemed to me, that I never could get out of the aperture that had allowed me entrance into the chimney. I ran the risk of disingering myself, and I ran the risk of discovery and death in any case.
"Oh, why did not my father and his companion return? It might be hours first.
"They had found me absent from my chamber and the adjoining rooms. They

no longer used extreme caution. They hurried from one apartment to the other. I could feel the jar of moving furniture, and closed doors were opened hastily. The upper part of the house was ransacked, and then they came down stairs upon the run. Time was precious to them now. With direful oaths they rummaged the lower floors, and finally returned to the sitting room.
"I saw the light here last," said Thomas, moving with his lamp across the room, "and here is the lamp on the table. 'She must have got out.'
"No! I watched for her, and every window is fastened on the inside." Then he continued; "Curse her! she's a witch!" and baffled they stood and poured oaths after me. 'I'd like to catch her now.' How he ground it out between his teeth!
"Shall we search more?"
"It's no use; we've turned over everything under which a mouse could hide."
"What, then? Shall we waylay the old man and fix him?"
"They haven't the money; it was left here."
"The cellar," suggested the voice.
"Once more they dashed out only to return in hot haste now; for there was the trot and rumble of a horse and carriage on the bridge between us and the city.
"Stay," urged the stranger, "trump some kind of a story, and we may secure the money yet."
"I would," returned Thomas, "but the girl's a witch, and I am just as sure that she is somewhere near us all the time, and would hand me over to justice."
"There was a scamper outside, and the sound of feet running towards the river came down the wide mouth at the top of the chimney. Father and Captain Boswell drove in the yard and up to the door, just as the clock struck 12.
"Thomas!" called my father, in his ringing tones, "come and take care of the horse."
"Receiving no response from his usual punctual factotum, he sprang up the steps, and uttered an exclamation of horror at finding the door open.
"Boswell," said he, "we certainly saw a light here when we came down the hill. 'Quick, Jason,' said the Captain, 'there has been foul play here.'
"Foul play? My God! my poor little girl!
"Father, I strove to call, but the first attempt, choked in dust and soot, ended in a hysterical cough.
"Where is that? What is it?" called my distracted father, and both men dashed for the library.
"I now strove to descend, but the movement brought down bushels of mortar and broken bricks from all sides, and closed up the flue of the chimney. The rope, and by sticking my toes in here and there I went up the chimney hand over hand.
"Agile as a cat, when I reached the top of the low chimney I sprang up upon the roof and began calling loudly for father.
"You should have heard them run through the house and hall before they located my voice. At last the Captain came out of doors.
"Will you get me a ladder, please," said I, "I want to get down from here."
"A ladder, Jason," shouted the Captain, "the girl is on the roof."
"For the love of heaven, girl, how came you up there," said my father, as I landed upon the ground and began shaking the soot from my clothes.
"I went up there through the chimney, papa. But you had better put up the horse—you will have to groom him yourself to-night—and then I'll tell you all about it."
"The Captain led me into the house, for I was trembling all violently.
"Now," said father, being absent only a moment or two, without letting me have time to mop the smut from my face and hands; "now tell us what this means—my little girl climbing the ridgepole like a cat at a cat show."
"In a few moments matters were explained.
"Thomas, the villain!" ejaculated my father; "I'll have him if I have to hunt the two continents for him and he shall have his deserts."
"He kept his word. Thomas got a term in the State prison.
"When I gave the Captain his money I should have burst out into hysterical sobbing only I remembered the soot in time to prevent shading myself in black crayon; and Captain Boswell believed that stature and bulk were not always certificates of the best materials, and—
"And," finished Dan, our jester, "it may be said, Mrs. Boswell, that you actually stole to strike eleven."
She smiled and bowed as the sonorous tones of the driver came in among us: "Stage ready, gentlemen."

MADE A NEW MAN OF HIM.
"Yes," said a gentleman, when talking to an acquaintance recently about a subject that was of great importance to him: "I was troubled for a long time with a combination of disorders that threatened to prove serious, but by a lucky stroke I procured a medicine that commenced at the root of the disease, and today I am as well as any man you can find in this shop."
The above conversation took place recently between Mr. George Karp, a Frenchman, employed by Messrs. Cooper & Jones, at 1188 Bridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., and a casual friend.
Continuing, Mr. B. said: "My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. As I became older I used to drink a good deal of lager beer; this, in time, I found did not agree with me, it having a tendency to make my complaint worse.
"As my trouble began to increase I looked about for a cure. I applied to two different physicians, they both uniting in telling me the same thing, that my kidneys were affected to an alarming degree. Each in turn presented an alarming degree. Each in turn presented an alarming degree. Each in turn presented an alarming degree. Each in turn presented an alarming degree.
"I had no other recourse but to try a remedy, I procured a bottle of Dr. Hunt's Kidney Pills, and began using it. Finding it was doing me good almost from the first dose, I continued its use, and my troubles began to disappear.
"It is now six weeks since I began using it. I feel like a new man. My back is more solid than the 'trade dollar' and my appetite is good; in fact, I am a better every day than I was when I began using it.
"Previous to the use of this medicine, my 'urinating' suffered somewhat from a prickly, irritating sensation. I feel like a new man. My back is more solid than the 'trade dollar' and my appetite is good; in fact, I am a better every day than I was when I began using it.
"Mr. Joel Mann, of New Haven, Conn., writes, June 25, 1883: 'I have been severely afflicted for ten or twelve months with painful diseases, and attribute my relief from pain to the use of Dr. Hunt's Kidney Pills. After using one of my back relieved of a long, long pain in my back and hips; my digestion was much improved, and my strength returned, and I cheerfully commend Hunt's Kidney Pills to all afflicted.'

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall, what a queer-looking place it is! Kape me from such all the days of my life! Say when I think what a barnyard disgrace it is, I never at all to be getting a wife.

Pots, dishes, pans, an' such greasy commodities, Ashes and praty-shine of comical oddities, His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities, Things that had never been neighbors before.

See the Old Bachelor gloomy an' sad enough, Faced the day-kittle over the fire; Seen it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough If he were present, to fight with the aquire!

He looks for the platter—Grimalkin is securing it! Sure, at a baste like that, swearin's no sin; His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devourin' it! Tender and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When his male's over, the table's left sittin' so; Pishes take care of yourselves if you can; Divila drop of hot water will visit you; Och, let him alone for a baste of a man.

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin', The old bachelor knawin' his dough; Troth, this head he could beat without swallowin', How it would favor his palate, ye know.

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shiverin', Niver a bit is the bed under the floor; He craves like a taphin under the kiverin'— Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

Prescription for a Love-Story.

"Is this the literary editor?"

The horse reporter looked up and discovered a young lady in the doorway. "No, madame," he replied, "the literary editor is at present engaged in the construction of an elaborate critique of the Trotting and Pacing Records. You will probably see something in next week's paper about the idyllic love-story of Maud S. and St. Julien, the tender romance of Jay-Eye-See, and the sad, pathetic story of Early Rose and Aldine. You can bet that when the literary editor of this paper gets his taper fingers on a book he reviews it. I have been told that he once turned himself loose on a volume of differential calculus that had just been issued, and remarked that, while the more frivolous portion of the reading public might hold that certain chapters of the work were somewhat uninteresting, the great moral lesson inculcated in regard to the square of the hypotenuse should be known to all, and that to the merchant, the farmer, or the young mother who wanted something handy to throw at the children when they became too fresh, this chaste volume would prove invaluable. When it comes to giving a calm and dispassionate opinion, in which the lurid glare of impassioned genius is softened and mellowed by the lambent rays of experience, *The Tribune's* literary editor is liable to beat the record any minute. I suppose you have an original story, written on white paper and tied with a blue ribbon, concealed somewhere about your person, and want the literary editor to commune with it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady. "I have written a story, and Mamma thinks it is very good."

"Is there anything in it about the leaves turning to golden and the velvet green of the leaves now looking so brown? Because if there is it won't do. The season for brown-mantle-of-October, resting-on-the-hills-and-leaves-turning-golden stories is about at an end. We have got to carry over brown-mantle-of-October stuff than you can shake a stick at. The dull-red-glow-of-the-dying embers racket is what we shall show the public from now until December. Got any dying embers in your story?"

"No, sir. Mine is a love story."

"That's all right. The dull red glow of dying embers works in beautifully in a love story, although as a rule young men who fall in love don't have currency enough to buy a cord of wood to make embers of."

"But why must I write my story in this particular style?" answered the young lady.

"Because it's the season for it. You want to start out by saying that as Harold Nonesuch, the rich banker, sat in his magnificently furnished parlor and gazed thoughtfully into the dull red embers of the dying fire in the grate there came trooping up from the dim vista of an almost forgotten past; memories—sad, sad memories—that caused the unbidden tear to start. Don't make any mistake about the tear business. Be sure to have only one tear, because that's the orthodox style in stories. Of course nobody but a one-eyed man could shed one tear at a crack unless he had plugged up one of his lachrymal ducts, but in novels it is always put that way. And you want to be certain that is an unbidden tear. A tear that had received a cordial invitation to be present and start would do at all. Then say that the old man's thoughts wandered back to the days of his childhood. Be certain to have them wander back, going across lots and stopping once in awhile to pick sand burns out of their toes. If you were to say that his thoughts went back the story would be spoiled. 'Wander' is the correct style. Then when you get the old man back to his happy boyhood days you want to trot out Lucy."

"Trot out who?"

"Lucy—Little Lucy Perkins—with her great blue eyes and golden hair—the playmate of his youth that he loved so dearly and always looked upon at his future wife. Then lag out another unbidden tear, and finally have the old man break down in a storm of sobs."

"It's very sad, isn't it?" said the young lady. "Lucy died, I suppose, and the old man's heart is breaking."

"No," said the horse reporter. "Lucy married another man."

"Then what makes the banker weep?" inquired the maiden.

"Sympathy for the other man."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wetting Lead Pencils.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it, just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason—unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspapermen and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This

fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down east.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of fifty persons who came into his office to write an advertisement, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with a something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or sword, and his hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to lend his pencil scores of times a day; and often after it had been wet till it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman whose breath smelled of onions and whisky. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bull-dog.

Then a sweet-looking lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Faber pencils, but he was too late. And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week.

Rufus Choate.

Imagine, then, a man somewhat less than six feet in height, full deep breast, high and unseemly shoulders, legs slender, and in appearance weak, hands and feet ill-formed, head broad and symmetrical, with a fine intellectual face, equally attractive to men and to women, complexion dark, mouth and nose large, eye blue and gentle when in repose, but brilliant and full of fire when aroused, imagine all this and you have a picture of Rufus Choate. Remember, also, that his manners and ways were as gentle as those of the best bred women. To the young he was kind and often affectionate; to the aged, respectful; to those in authority, deferential. Moreover, he possessed a voice at once copious, sonorous and emotional, responding like music, and touching not only the sentiments and feelings, but even the opinion and judgments of men. His vocabulary knew no limit, except that set by the language itself. I remember one eminent gentleman, a friend of Choate's, who, when he heard that a new Webster's dictionary had been issued containing 1,000 extra words, exclaimed, "I beg of you not to let Choate hear of it." Mr. Choate seldom stated the exact truth in conversation or argument, but expressed the truth by manifest exaggeration of the truth. When offering wine to his friends he would say, on being asked why he did not take a glass also, "Oh, I don't drink once in a thousand years."

One time when Choate was arguing in behalf of a client who was seeking compensation for an injury to himself, horse, carriage and harness, the advocate spoke of everything except the last named. Just as he was sitting down, his young assistant reminded him of the omission, and immediately Choate, somewhat irritated, rose again and said: "Ah, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury, the harness, too, a safe, substantial, serviceable—second hand harness, and then sat down. Mr. Choate had a sensitive, nervous organization. He enjoyed no relaxation from the toils of public life. When warned of what the result would be, he replied sadly, "I have no alternative but the insane asylum." He was once asked how it was that his constitution held out so well. "Ah," he replied, "that is gone long ago; I am living on the by-laws now."

Choate was too often doubtful of success in conversation, but in the trial he gave no sign of this. His constitutional timidity, however, showed itself in his politics. As to his powers as an attorney, said Wendell Phillips in his oration on "Boston Idols: 'New England shirkers.' Here is Choate, who made it safe to murder, and for whose help thieves asked before they began to steal." No greater tribute to Choate's argumentative power at the bar could be given, but there was something beneath all this. Although not a statesman, yet Choate's views on public matters were those of a statesman.—*Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell.*

The Work of a Man Who Has Proved That Nothing Succeeds Like Failure.

Intersecting one of the nice parallel-grains that make up the programme of Philadelphia's streets there is a narrow alley. It is flanked by stone and bounded on the right hand by a high fence, and on the left by a brick wall, which forms the side of a low, square building a story and a half in height. You go up the narrow alley and find that it is blind. But there is an outlet—a small door, which is behind you when you face the barricade. It opens inward to a room which is not unlike a machinist's workshop. That is Mr. Keely standing there with the long bow, and drawing it over the vibrating steel points on the generator.

Take a good look at him before he disappears into the laboratory. He does not draw the long bow before the profane vulgar. The "god of the machine" seldom appears in front of the footlights. When he was called before a Judge recently and asked to name a day on which his motor would move, he said: "Who knows? Patience, and shuffle the cards. It will move, but it will not be hurried," and so the stockholders, knowing that their only hope of benefiting by the invention was anchored in Keely, the inventor, let him go back to his enchantments, and even put more money in his purse.

He is a living embodiment of an old adage, reversed to read: "Nothing succeeds like failure." He is tall, massive and plethoric, especially in the cheeks and nose, where the passing regiments of good dinners that he has eaten at the expense of others have left their fires burning, or, perchance, only a stray strand of colors.

His features are coarse, yet full of a kind of canine sagacity and tenacity—the wit to grab and the grit to hold on. His

inflated shirt front discovers a flashing diamond as big as the head of a screw. He has a comfortable house, and is fond of fast horses.

I asked him many direct questions, but he is a master hand at evasion. "When? Well, the generator is all finished, so is the engine. A few more preliminary tests. It is a matter of weeks now. This year? Beyond a doubt. All that remains is to generate the power, apply it to the cylinder, and there you are, 1,000 revolutions to the minute, if necessary."

This patter, or something to the same effect, he repeated mechanically, letting his nervous, restless eyes rove around the dimly lighted shop, where his foreman and assistant were lusing themselves in making the disorder more marked and appalling among the mute and rusty tools. His manner and attitude impressed me as that of a man who, when ignorant of the action of material forces, stumbled across what to him was a novel effect, let us say, gases in combination. Following up his experiments he first succeeded in convincing himself that he had evolved a new force and got the money to develop it. That was nearly ten years ago. After repeated failure, he long since ceased to be deceived himself, but having found the task of deceiving others so easy as well as profitable, he kept up the fiction of a new discovery, and has now involved himself in a labyrinth of delusion and mystery.

The secret of his success in replenishing his coffers from time to time, the power of levying taxes upon human credulity amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands of dollars, has been the lavishness and prodigality of his promises. In this he has shown a constructive imagination more powerful than the greatest romancers.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Soldier Not a Grabber.

Pension Commissioner Dudley denies the charge made in certain quarters that the soldier is degenerating into a grabber, and is trying to coin his services and his wounds into the highest possible amount of cash. General Dudley says there are living to-day almost as many veterans who have not applied for pensions as there were soldiers on the roll of the army in May, 1865. There were 1,000,516 names on the rolls on that date, and there are at present 992,000 veterans who have never asked a dollar of the government. There are on file in Washington 169,000 certificates of disability that have not been acted on, simply because that number of living veterans, who are clearly and indisputably entitled to pensions, have not asked for anything at the hands of the government. Although lists of the pensioners now on the rolls were printed in many newspapers throughout the country several days ago, not a single complaint has reached the pension office going to show that persons not entitled to receive pensions are getting assistance.

VARIETIES.

His aristocratic manner and rich elaborate toilet seemed somewhat out of place in the plebeian surroundings of the Fifth Avenue stage when she entered at Forty-Second Street yesterday. Drawing her skirts about her she retired as far as possible into a corner seat, and gazed persistently out of the window. On the opposite side sat a neatly attired young man with carefully waxed mustache, very white hands and an air generally suggestive of the clergy. He glanced at the fair vision in the corner from time to time in a reproachful manner. She looked furtively at him from beneath her lashes, and with a pretty pucker of her brow seemed trying to recall at which of the summer resorts she had met him. That his face was familiar was evident, and finally deciding that he rightfully belonged to the army of summer captives that had laid their hearts at her feet, she concluded to end his misery by recognizing him. He was well dressed, apparently well bred, and undoubtedly belonged to Murray Hill. So, turning, with a little start of recognition their eyes met and she bowed stiffly. He seemed delighted, and changing his seat to her side, he said:

"You are very kind to remember me."

"Oh, no," she replied with an air of polite reserve, as she tried to place him. "I recall perfectly the pleasant occasion on which we met."

A few commonplaces followed, and emboldened at his success, the gentleman said gravely, as he drew forth a pink tinted card:

"I hope you will permit me to call upon you again. I shall be happy to serve you."

She glanced at the card, a wave of color swept over her face, and drawing down her veil she jerked the strap, and flounced out of the stage with the precipitancy of a battled base ball. The address upon the card read:

"H. Bliffinger, chiroprapist. Corns and bunions exchanged without pain or loss of blood."

MAY I see the Ballville Register?

The gentleman from Iowa addressed one of the Herald staff, who happened to be in the exchange room.

"Certainly, sir, take a seat; the exchange editor will be in soon."

"I am the editor of the Register. I regard the Herald as the best paper on my exchange list."

"Yes? We all deem the Register the best paper in Iowa. Indeed, we all stand at the door when Albert brings the mail, and grab for the Ballville Register. It is full of ideas, and we get subjects for editorials and special articles by the yard from it. We couldn't get along without the Register."

Journalistic courtesy of this kind is due from one editor to another. Presently the exchange editor came in.

"May I see the Ballville Register?"

"Certainly. You will find it in the waste-basket."

Violent gesticulations from the courtesy editor.

"That Register is the very poorest paper that sneaks into this office," continued the exchange man, amid a shower of gesticulations and vain "ahems." "I never saw a copy of the Register that had an idea in its big as an O with the rim knocked off. I always pitch the blame thing into the waste basket as soon as I see the wrapper. I don't know what they keep sending it here for."

The editor of the courtesy department vainly threw his shoulders out of joint and then left the room. When he came back the Iowa editor was gone. "Say, that was the editor of the Register."

The exchange editor jumped into the waste basket and pulled the lid down.—*Chicago Herald.*

It was during the peninsular campaign, just before the battle of Williamsburg, that Gen. McClellan had issued an order forbidding foraging, under penalty of severe punishment.

A section of artillery had been supported by the Fifty-sixth New York Volunteer Infantry in a little skirmish late in the evening, and owing to some misunderstanding the infantry and artillery were left on the picket line till late hours without any rations. Darkness had closed in, and a farm-yard in the vicinity offered too great a temptation for the hungry artillery men to resist. Soon the fragrant aroma of roast pig drew more than one officer to the vicinity of the improvised barbecue. Among others was Colonel Van Wyck, the senior officer in command. He was asked by one of the improvised camp cooks if he would partake of the menu.

"Certainly," replied the Colonel, and with sharpened appetite he at once took hold of the luscious roast of porcine ribs. Suddenly a staff officer rode upon the scene. With an unmistakable French twirl he said:

"With due compliments of De General commanding, I wish to know who killed that hog?"

"Tell the General commanding," roared Col. Van Wyck, stretching his tall form to its utmost altitude, "that Col. Van Wyck never inquires who the butcher is when he sits down to a gentleman's table."

The staff officer was the Comte de Paris, of Gen. McClellan's staff. No further inquiry was instituted into the mystery of the foraging expedition.

A mouse dropped into Joe Drukker's diamond store yesterday and asked him to let him look at a pair of solitaire ear-rings, and was shown two sparkling beauties.

"What are these worth?" he asked.

"Two hundred dollars for the pair," the clerk replied.

"Well, that ain't exactly what I want," said the visitor. "You see, I came to visit the fair, and brought \$300 with me, and I've only got \$10 of it left. Now, I've got to get home with something that will represent \$300, or there will be no living in peace with my wife the next five years. So you just give me a pair of ear-rings made out of paste for \$2 with a receipted bill for \$300, and I think that will square me with the old woman until she gets too old to know the real value of the gems."

THAT STEVENS used to say that a contented farmer was a rarer creature than a white blackbird. Illustrative of this assertion, he used to tell a story of a certain farmer at whose house he was visiting. While strolling over the farm, Mr. Stevens observed that the farmer's corn crop, which was just ripening, was remarkable beyond anything he had ever seen.

"My friend," said Mr. Stevens to the farmer, "this is truly magnificent! There is nothing left to be desired in your corn field, this year."

"Well," responded the farmer, guardedly, "it is truly fair; pretty fair. But, and this is a noticeable feature of sadness, that might be a few more cunnels—just a few more cunnels—at the end of the cob."

MANY years ago an East Tennessean emigrated to Illinois. Afterwards, on a visit to his friends, he gave a glowing account of the fertility of the soil of Illinois, and by the way of illustration, declared that he and his wife went out to look at their corn one evening and found it about knee high, and growing so fast that they stuck a stick up in a hill of corn to see how much it would grow by morning. They went back next morning and the stalks had three ears of corn and the stick had a nubbin.

Chaff.

A wise man is like a spring lock, always more ready to shut than open.

The question is: "Can a girl who doesn't use powder make her hair bang?"

One swallow doesn't make a summer, but too many are dead sure to make a bumper.

Texas Marriage Notice.—No cards, no cake, no flowers, and nobody's business.

Fashionable ladies like to get a 'new wrinkle' but they don't want it to show on the forehead.

Nobody ever thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

The man who was reconciled to his lot must have had the mortgage on it lifted, or something.

To speak of the thread of an argument would imply that the whole thing is a yarn.

There is a man in Pittsburgh so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.

A barber shop on Saturday nights is the only place where we can call to mind just what that "no vacant chair" has.

Spurgeon says that a man who is in the habit of practicing every day on a corner may be a Christian, but that it is out of the question for his neighbors to be so.

"Don't tell me you won't," said an Elmhurst father to his little daughter of six summers. "Well, but papa," said the artless little one, "what shall I say when I mean I won't?"

A girl named Gable in a New England town said that she was a virgin who was trying to get in at a window. It was a good thing for him that it was not a house of seven Gables.

Harmless—Sportsman (who has missed again): "I say, Mumbies, the birds seem to be afraid of me." Keeper: "Well, sir, they didn't ought to be, for you never hurt any one."

"Will you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I too have in my day refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time I held three jacks."—*Shack.*

It is sheer wantonness to be satisfied with a lesser good when by waiting patiently you may have what you want. The proverb has it, it is better to have a hen to-morrow than an egg to-day.

Matches are made in Heaven probably for the reason that in the other place such an industry would not be likely to flourish. Too large a percentage of insurance would be demanded on the stock.

Are those pure curries? asked a gentleman of a bird fancier, with whom he was negotiating for a pair. "Yes, sir," said the dealer, "they are pure curries, and their birds from the very curvy seeds."

Freddy's Mamma (who is subject to bad headaches): "Why, Freddy, dear, what are you crying about with your head?" What are you crying about? Freddy: "Oh, mamma, I've got such a awful headache in my stomach!"

"Johnny, how many bones are there in the human body?" Whose human body, mine? "Yes. Yours for instance." "Can't tell. You see I've been eatin' shad for breakfast, and that upsets the anatomical estimate at once."

An Englishman who claims to have mastered the intricacies of the American game, explains the terms "put" and "calls" as follows: "You 'put' your money into a broker's hands and he 'calls' you a fool the moment your back is turned."

The young lady who won a set of Waverley novels as a prize for the best essay on a specified subject, was somewhat surprised when the editor of the local paper, in commenting upon the event, concluded by sapiently remarking: "Mr. Waverley was a very good writer!"

A Stratford, Conn., woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a neighbor's wife, and she awoke and struck him across his face and broke his nose. The next night he ate mince pie, Welsh rarebit, dried apples and wedding cake to get square with her.

agingly of him to a third person. "You have been misinformed, sir," replied the young man; "I hope that I know better than to refer to a person of your advanced age as a pig."

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs, and barks. It gives tone to the stomach and makes the weak strong. Sold by Druggists.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 15, 1881.

"I have been sick with pleurisy and pneumonia. It left me with a very hard, hacking cough. All the physicians and medicine did me no good. A friend advised me to try Adamson's Cough Balsam, one bottle of which did me more good than all the doctors and medicines I have tried; and I shall recommend it far and near."

MARY A. BROCKWELL.

The Household.

WEDDING BELLS.

Several young ladies have written us requesting advice about wedding trousseaux, and asking information on matters of detail, showing that though the poet sang

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,"

some of our Michigan swains have been pondering the subject at a later date, and a crop of autumnal weddings is to be the result. We may say briefly but decidedly that is not necessary, nor longer fashionable, to provide such quantities of underwear to go yellow with lying by, and dresses to be out of style before the first gloss is off. It is taken for granted that the young wife will be able to buy clothes as occasion warrants after her marriage. Even so "high-toned" an authority as Harper's *Basar*, speaking of underwear, says eight of a kind are enough, and the average woman would be better off with six than eight. Our grand mothers felt it necessary to have their "pillow case full of stockings," but the sensible girl will reflect that she cannot wear a pillow-case full twice a year, and will buy her Balbriggans as she needs them.

The same moderation is counseled in the matter of dresses. Fashions are so ephemeral that it is best to follow the example of French ladies and have but few dresses, but those few of good material and stylishly made, and then wear them on all suitable occasions. It would be very possible," we may say in answer to a query, to make three new dresses answer every purpose for a bride of average means and social standing. If she will attend many "full dress" parties and receptions, one dress should be a white or light blue or pink, which will be appropriate for a wedding dress if she desires. Another should be a dark costume of silk or velvet, or both combined, suitable for calling, afternoon receptions and "high teas," with a bonnet to match. A wrap to accompany it would not be essential, as it will very soon be time for heavy winter cloaks. The third should be a cloth street suit, with Henri Trois hat (if becoming) trimmed with plumes. With these three dresses it is possible to spend two weeks at the "Hub" and feel well dressed even among those awe-inspiring "stylish relations." But note this: if you cannot afford three nice dresses, be content with two; it is far more satisfactory to have but one new dress, and have it fine in quality and unexceptionable in make, than several which you feel are "not equal to the occasion."

For quiet home weddings a pretty silk is an appropriate dress; it should be made without a train, and be more elegant if made up with velvet, either plain or brocaded. A very stylish costume for an afternoon wedding is described in the *Basar* as having a skirt of fine grey cashmere, laid in pleats, with a very bouffant grey velvet polonaise. The hat was a darker shade of the same color, and trimmed with grey plumes. Grey is the "coming color" we are told, and it is a pretty and lady-like hue. We are going to wear tiny bonnets again, pleasant news to those who are their own milliners, for they are easily made and of a small quantity of goods. The crowns are by preference of folds or loose plaits, the full folds across the front are left quite bouffant; fancy braids, aggrittes, pompons and clusters of short tips are liked for ornament, flowers are seen very rarely. The *Basar* tells us ties are fastened in a bow under the chin, but Detroit people do not seem to admire the style, and the narrow strings of satin faced velvet ribbon are fastened behind here yet.

The *chic* of a dress or garment depends upon its fit; better a simple flannel suit which fits perfectly than an expensive silk which wrinkles and draws. Let this fact have its weight in the choice of a dressmaker. We would not advise the making of a mantle to match several suits, but if desired, they are rather short and very much trimmed with chenille fringe and passementeries. The cloaks for winter are very large and long, and extremely beautiful. In cloth the Russian circular and its modifications are popular; and long pelisses, fur trimmed about the neck and down the front, but not round the bottom, are in favor.

The young lady who asks about bridal veils will get two yards of tulle, hem all sides of it, and fold and pleat one end of it into shape to fasten upon the head with long pins and under clusters of flowers, which will be white roses, white lilies, daisies, anything but the conventional orange flowers. But the bridal veil is not worn except with a white or very light dress, en train. To be sure, it was but a short time ago we saw a bridal party in this city en route for church, the bride with white tulle veil and long trails of white flowers falling over a dark blue cashmere dress, while the groom sat by her in low Derby hat and a parti-colored suit from a Michigan Avenue clothing store, but it was not a "way up" wedding. It is a good idea to have things correspond.

Gloves are very long wristed, the mousquetaire being very much liked. Tan color is worn with any dress, rather than shades to match; and for evening wear light shades of tan and cream are selected. Some brides in eastern cities are dispensing with gloves, going to the

altar with bare hands, a fashion which our young ladies can certainly follow at quiet home weddings.

The umbrella is a favorite wedding decoration, and signifies the warding off of misfortunes, but it takes a great quantity of flowers. Monograms are much used in this city the wedding bell does not ring for fashionable marriages; "too old." The florist sometimes sends up a floral yoke to typify the union of the "happy pair" but the thought is not a pleasant one, the idea of being yoked together is uncomfortable, and also implies servitude.

Guests are not expected to sit down to the table at a wedding breakfast; the table is made as beautiful as possible with fruit and flowers and bravery of sparkling silver and glass, and the refreshments are passed to the guests, who find seats wherever they can. A great essential is careful and painstaking waiters.

A young man who receives an invitation, whether written or verbal, to a wedding, does not invite a lady friend to accompany him, unless she too has been especially bidden; that would be a great impertinence, "sublime cheek."

The stationers who engrave wedding and reception cards, keep forms of invitations to select from.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Only six weeks to Christmas! Quite time to be contriving and planning gifts for friends and "the children" whose especial holiday it is. Quite time for parents to be obligingly blind to very transparent mysteries, and to have little secrets of their own; time to save up the pennies that the tin banks so frequently "busted" by a "run" caused by childish impetuosity may be copper and silver mimes. Appended are suggestions for making a few dainty presents, which will be beautiful according to the neatness of their construction:

A pretty wall photograph panel is made from a piece of pale blue or cardinal satin about nine inches square. In the center cut out a piece not quite large enough for the photograph, and turn in the edges so they will just hold the picture when hemmed. Around the bottom, and on one side of the center-piece, work in Kensington or satin stitch a vine of yellow blossoms if you use the cardinal, or pale pink if the blue is used. Finish the top and bottom with a band of plush the color of the satin, running in the edge of each a whalebone. Turn in the sides and fasten down on the wrong side. In the lower left-hand corner place a bow of ribbon combining the two shades of the satin and flowers, and hang up with ribbons of the same. Put in the photograph and fasten securely. Line with blue or red silesia, taking care that the stitches do not show on the right side.

A handsome handkerchief case is made of crimson or blue plush, satin or silk, with lining of the same color. Put a thin layer of wadding sprinkled with sachet powder next the thin pasteboard which gives the necessary stiffness. Ornament the upper side with a spray of embroidery, or with a pretty ribbon bow. The shape is that of two covers of a book, to be tied with ribbon. They are also pretty cut the shape of a square envelope, three of the flaps being loosely fastened, and the joining concealed under a bow or rosette.

If one happens to have an old woolen shawl, past wearing because of its antique fashion or conspicuous color, it may be transformed into a handsome table spread. Dye it brown, or some dark color, whatever you think it will "take" best. Cut off the fringe and hem. Then add a border of bright velvet, or a band of ribbon, or black velvet bordered with fancy stitches in gay silk. Or cut flowers from cretonne and put on in applique; a border of the fashionable "crazy" patchwork is also pretty. A trimming of worsted fringe, to be bought from thirty-five to sixty cents per yard, is a great addition. We have seen an old army blanket dyed a deeper grey, and thus transformed into a very handsome spread.

Table scarfs are also handsome gifts. Those of felt are most durable. The felt, double fold, in all colors, sells in this city for \$1.45 per yard. Merchants will cut any desired length one half the width; this is wide enough for two scarfs. Two persons can club together to get the material. The ends are trimmed in every conceivable fashion, with embroidery, applique, bands of plush or satin, and finished with fringe. The scarf may be lined with silesia to match, or have the edges pinked. A somewhat novel way to trim one of these scarfs is to put three-cornered pieces of silk or satin on each end. Have these pieces half a yard deep at the longest side, in the corner embroider a spray of flowers; where the satin or silk end joins the center part of the scarf put a row of fancy stitches. A dark crimson felt scarf with one end light blue, the other of crimson shaded to brown is very handsome.

Pretty and novel tidies are now made

Farm Law.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Bolog, Attorney, 315 Block, Detroit.

School Tax.

STANTON, Mich., Oct. 28, '83.
Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—Can a farmer be taxed to support a school that owing to its location, his children cannot attend either safely or regularly? The facts in the case are: Our school district is divided in two nearly equal divisions by Tittabawassee River, which is used for floating sawlogs, and its condition is such that it cannot be crossed safely, and the nearest bridge is five miles. If the law is as we must pay the tax, can we compel the district to furnish a school that our children can attend, as there are four or five families on our side of the river, whose children get no schooling, although we pay a large share of the school taxes. If we have any remedy, and the question is of sufficient interest for publication, please answer and oblige.

ANSWER.—School taxes are levied upon all the taxable property of the district, and are collected and returned in the same manner as township taxes. There is no provision of law for exempting any taxable property from this liability, because of its remoteness or inaccessibility from the school house or for any other reason. All taxable property is subject to the school tax whether the owners of it derive any benefit from the school or not. This may work an apparent hardship in the case of non-residents and persons having no children to send to school. But the American doctrine is that popular education is necessary to the well-being of the community, the protection of rights and the prevention of pauperism, etc., and hence it is deemed right and expedient to tax all property for its support. There has never been any forcible or united opposition to this doctrine, though some there are who urge, not without reason, that the idea has been carried rather to an extreme among us, especially as regards the higher institutions of learning.

In the case of our inquirer it is possible that there is a remedy for the trouble mentioned in the power given to the township school inspectors to regulate and alter the boundaries of school districts, as circumstances shall render proper. It may be that he and his neighbors can be put into another district, the school of which is nearer or more accessible to them; or possibly the district could be so divided as to give our friends a school of their own. The statute governing the matter is rather liberal.

Line Fences.

Four inquiries relative to line or division fences have been received during the past week. The whole matter of fences has been several times carefully set forth in this column, and the point involved in each of these inquiries has been specifically answered within the last year or so. If our inquirers will therefore please refer to the back numbers for the information desired, they will save a repetition here which could not be of interest again to many readers besides themselves.

Stipulated Damages.

G. B. W., a builder, wishes to know if parties who are contracting can agree in their contract as to what damages one shall pay the other if he fails to perform his contract.

ANSWER.—They can. The sum so agreed upon is called stipulated or liquidated damages, and if just and reasonable it can be enforced in case the contract is broken. Stipulated damages, however, have been held in many of the cases that have come before the courts, to be the same as a penalty in a bond, and only a recovery of the actual damages sustained has been permitted. This arises from the fact that in almost all cases it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain beforehand what damages will result from a breach of contract, and in cases of uncertainty the amount stipulated will generally be regarded as a penalty.

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the FARMER. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

Probably Contraction of the Back Tendons.

ECANARA, Oct. 23, 1883.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR—I have a valuable horse that went lame about a week ago, in the near hind foot, he can't put the heel down, but walks on his toe all the time. My neighbor says he is stiffed, and ought to have a stiff shoe on the other foot. I can't see any other symptoms than his going on his toe. He is stiffed, and will a stiff shoe cure him? Please answer in the columns of the MICHIGAN FARMER.

SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—Your horse is not stiffed, as it is called. The probability is that the back tendons are from some cause contracted. You had better have the advice of a veterinarian who after a personal examination of the animal will advise you understandingly. The stiff shoe is a cruel instrument, of torture, long since discontinued. Any one using it is liable to prosecution for cruelty to animals.

Curb.

LANSING, Mich., Oct. 20th, 1883.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.
In this week's FARMER I find a remedy for curb. Will light work while under treatment retard or hinder a cure? About how long will it take to remove it? One came from a four year old colt three weeks ago from a strain, stepping into a hole.

W. A. DRYER.

ANSWER.—When a horse throws a curb without lameness, moderate work or light driving will do no harm, but when lameness accompanies it the animal should be removed from one to two or three weeks.

A Rumor Contradicted.

Some weeks ago there was an article going the rounds of the press, appearing in the FARMER also, from a correspondent who claimed that while on an eastern trip he had seen some high priced Jersey cattle that had been purchased in this country for shipment to the Island of Jersey. This item met the eye of Mr. Eber Cottrell, who had just returned from the Island, and he at once wrote to Mr. E. J. Arnold, the leading exporter of Channel Islands cattle, and received the following reply:

SUMMERLAND HOUSE, ROVER BOULTON.
JERSEY, Oct. 10, 1883.
DEAR SIR—You received of the 27th of September. I had not heard of the report of Jersey returning to the island, but it is quite false. In fact, our State would not allow an animal from any part to land here alive. We cannot now, owing to a new law, bring back a cow from an English exhibition, although the beast should be island born. We have yet a good number of fair animals to breed with, but at the same time you are imported the best we have. With best respects, I am, Dear Sir, Faithfully yours,
EUGENE J. ARNOLD.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade for the past week says:

"Sowing is nearly completed. Wheat is steady, but business transacted was small. Flour was in poor demand. Fine barleys retain their value on account of scarcity; moderately good declined 1/2d early last week, but were rather firmer to day. Foreign wheat has not improved. The large amount of wheat in sight in the United States is regarded as a reserve which may be bought at any time with disastrous effects. The 1883 crop of Northern Russia being untouched tends to depress trade. Mixed American maize advanced 1/2d, and round maize 6d. Six cargoes of wheats arrived; four were sold at 1/2d, and the balance of English wheat during the week aggregated 63,783 quarters at 40s 3d per quarter, against 47,323 quarters at 40s 11d per quarter during the corresponding week last year.

GETTING DEMORALIZED.—The editor of The Dairy is evidently becoming disgusted with stories of big butter and milk yields. In a recent issue he remarks:

"Kitty Clyde is the last. She is a Short-horn by birth. Jamestown is her dwelling place, and her mother is her nation, so to speak. And her story gives her 680 lbs. of butter in 240 days. Nancy Lee was her last rival, and she has done to the extent of 4 lbs. of butter in one day or 20 1/2 lbs. in a week, or we may as well say it at the rate of 1,378 lbs. in one year. A Dutch Friesian cow, too, has just completed a six months go-as-you-please record of 12,600 lbs. of milk. These astonishing cows hide their lights under numerous bushels. If they could only be gathered into one place and exhibited, any man or woman of enterprise would pay a dollar to see them milked and their fat churned; and the exhibitors might clear a small fortune. Then if all the owners would make a 'jack-pot'—we hope we have it right—and put in the cows and the gate money, and the winner take all and go home and overstock the butter market, and never let us hear any more milk and butter stories, then there would be a great peace fall upon all men."

If this thing goes on much longer butter yields will take their place in literature among fish and bear stories, and the author will secure a reputation equal to the late Baron Munchausen. We see a number of eastern agricultural papers are filled with such stuff, which is entitled to as much credence as the stories of Sinbad the Sailor, and has not the merit of being as entertaining.

THE Dairy, published in New York City, a valued exchange, has been obliged to suspend owing to lack of support. This is "pie" for the editor of the American Dairyman, who is engaged in turning handprints and dancing jigs upon the grave of its rival. Perhaps the Dairy ran as long as it could pay its deb, and when it could do so no longer stopped before it beat any one. If the American Dairyman had taken this course it would have either paid a small bill due or stopped four years ago. It is not only honest men who succeed in business, more the pity, or we should long ago have announced the demise of the Dairyman.

MR. A. S. DRAKE met with a very bad accident Monday evening last. He was driving some hogs from the yards to the packing house, when one of his horses attached to a buggy becoming frightened started off at top speed. Mr. Drake jumped into a road cart and went in pursuit of the runaway. He overtook the horse and attempted to catch him by the head, when the two buggies collided and he was thrown out. When picked up it was found that one of his legs had been broken in two places, and a terrible gash cut on his forehead. He was taken to his home, and with the assistance of a physician is as comfortable this morning as could be expected.

Veterinary.

ECANARA.—I have a fine Jersey heifer two years old, her head is covered with dry, harsh scab, or rather a flaky scurf, and there are some spots on the sides and top of the neck; hair is all off where these appear, and on top of head between horns the scab is off, leaving the raw flesh exposed. The disease seems to be spreading all over her body. Suggesting this is a disease of the cellular tissues beneath the skin, and shows itself by breaking out all over the body, causing raw sores and loss of hair. Feed a good mash of corn meal, bran, 1 tablespoonful of well boiled flax seed, two times a day, and in tepid water to drink; give 4 ozs. Epsom salts and 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, once every day. Keep from cold, and dress the sores with Goulard's Caustic Balm and olive oil, half and half. Clean well with a brush and damp cloth daily.

SPRINGER.—I have a valuable horse that is very lame from the effects of an enlargement of main tendon or cord on back of right fore leg, about three inches below knee; it is nearly as large as a small hen's egg, caused, I think, by heavy drawing or slipping in getting up on the stable floor. What shall I do for him? SUBSCRIBER.—Apply Goulard's Caustic Balm once every ten days until cured; absolute rest is required.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, November 6, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 8,900 bbls, against 2,600 bbls. last week, and 8,857 bbls. for the corresponding week in 1882. The shipments for the week were 8,833 bbls. Trade is very quiet, and confined entirely to the local demand and to meet small orders from the upper country. While it is quiet values seem to be maintained at the same range as noted a week ago. No change is looked for at present by dealers. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice..... \$4 75 @ 50
Michigan white wheat, roller process 5 25 @ 50
Michigan white wheat, patents..... 5 00 @ 50
Minnesota, patents..... 5 00 @ 50
Rye..... 4 75 @ 50
Wheat—Market steady, with a wide range in prices owing to disparity in quality of offerings. Good to choice lots are readily disposed of at 50c to 55c per bushel, and extra quality at 55c to 60c. Both demerit and receipts are light.

Barley.—Not so firm. Sellers are quoting at \$2 75 to 3 00 for picked, and unpicked are in demand at \$1 50 to 2 00.

Oats.—Receipts of choice light and market firm at 23c to 24c for late made. Creamery is selling at 24c to 25c. Low grades neglected and prices nominal at a range of 15c to 18c for anything that consumers can eat, and 18c to 20c for wagon grade.

Corn Meal.—Firm and steady at \$2 25 to 2 50 per barrel.

Apples.—Market quiet, with a wide range in prices owing to disparity in quality of offerings. Good to choice lots are readily disposed of at 50c to 55c per bushel, and extra quality at 55c to 60c. Both demerit and receipts are light.

Beans.—Not so firm. Sellers are quoting at \$2 75 to 3 00 for picked, and unpicked are in demand at \$1 50 to 2 00.

Peas.—Not so firm. Sellers are quoting at \$2 75 to 3 00 for picked, and unpicked are in demand at \$1 50 to 2 00.

Onions.—Market quiet, with a wide range in prices owing to disparity in quality of offerings. Good to choice lots are readily disposed of at 50c to 55c per bushel, and extra quality at 55c to 60c. Both demerit and receipts are light.

Potatoes.—Market is still overstocked; carloads are pushed at 45c to 50c. Sacks of 100 lbs. are offered at 10c; offerings are chiefly of Burbanks and Early Rose.

Hickory Nuts.—In good supply at \$1 25 to 1 50 for shell-barks and at \$1 00 to 1 25 for large nuts. Maple Sugar.—Quiet at 11c to 12c; syrup, 80c to 90c per bushel.

Onions.—In fair demand and good supply at \$2 00 per bushel.

Fruit.—Grapes in light supply for 7c for Concord, and 9c to 10c for Delaware and Catawbas. Pears are in light supply and selling at \$6 00 per bushel, with fancy lots now and then bringing \$6 50 to \$7 00 per bushel. Cranberries are firm at \$4 50 to 5 00 per bushel, or \$10 00 to 11 00 per barrel. Apples are quoted at \$3 00 to 3 50 per bushel, or 35c to 40c per barrel.

Poultry.—Offerings of dressed poultry are light, and sell readily at 10c to 12c for chickens, and 12c to 14c for turkeys.

Provisions.—Family mess pork is lower, other meats unchanged; lard is slightly lower; smoked meats are strong at former quotations; mess and dried beef steady and unchanged. Dealers report a fair amount of business, and a steady line of values. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess, Detroit packed..... \$11 75 @ 12 00
Mess, Western packed..... 11 50 @ 11 75
Clear do..... 10 00 @ 10 25
Lard in tierces, per lb..... 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4
Lard in kegs, per lb..... 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4
Hams, per lb..... 14 1/2 @ 15
Shoulders, per lb..... 12 1/2 @ 13
Choice bacon, per lb..... 12 1/2 @ 13
Extra mess beef, per lb..... 11 50 @ 11 75
Dried beef, per lb..... 10 1/2 @ 10 50
Dried corn, per lb..... 10 1/2 @ 10 50

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday.—4 loads: two at \$8; one at \$12 and \$11. Tuesday.—4 loads: one at \$10; one at \$11 and \$12; three at \$13 and \$14; one at \$15 and \$16; one at \$17 and \$18; one at \$19 and \$20; one at \$21 and \$22; one at \$23 and \$24; one at \$25 and \$26; one at \$27 and \$28; one at \$29 and \$30; one at \$31 and \$32; one at \$33 and \$34; one at \$35 and \$36; one at \$37 and \$38; one at \$39 and \$40; one at \$41 and \$42; one at \$43 and \$44; one at \$45 and \$46; one at \$47 and \$48; one at \$49 and \$50; one at \$51 and \$52; one at \$53 and \$54; one at \$55 and \$56; one at \$57 and \$58; one at \$59 and \$60; one at \$61 and \$62; one at \$63 and \$64; one at \$65 and \$66; one at \$67 and \$68; one at \$69 and \$70; one at \$71 and \$72; one at \$73 and \$74; one at \$75 and \$76; one at \$77 and \$78; one at \$79 and \$80; one at \$81 and \$82; one at \$83 and \$84; one at \$85 and \$86; one at \$87 and \$88; one at \$89 and \$90; one at \$91 and \$92; one at \$93 and \$94; one at \$95 and \$96; one at \$97 and \$98; one at \$99 and \$100; one at \$101 and \$102; one at \$103 and \$104; one at \$105 and \$106; one at \$107 and \$108; one at \$109 and \$110; one at \$111 and \$112; one at \$113 and \$114; one at \$115 and \$116; one at \$117 and \$118; one at \$119 and \$120; one at \$121 and \$122; one at \$123 and \$124; one at \$125 and \$126; one at \$127 and \$128; one at \$129 and \$130; one at \$131 and \$132; one at \$133 and \$134; one at \$135 and \$136; one at \$137 and \$138; one at \$139 and \$140; one at \$141 and \$142; one at \$143 and \$144; one at \$145 and \$146; one at \$147 and \$148; one at \$149 and \$150; one at \$151 and \$152; one at \$153 and \$154; one at \$155 and \$156; one at \$157 and \$158; one at \$159 and \$160; one at \$161 and \$162; one at \$163 and \$164; one at \$165 and \$166; one at \$167 and \$168; one at \$169 and \$170; one at \$171 and \$172; one at \$173 and \$174; one at \$175 and \$176; one at \$177 and \$178; one at \$179 and \$180; one at \$181 and \$182; one at \$183 and \$184; one at \$185 and \$186; one at \$187 and \$188; one at \$189 and \$190; one at \$191 and \$192; one at \$193 and \$194; one at \$195 and \$196; one at \$197 and \$198; one at \$199 and \$200; one at \$201 and \$202; one at \$203 and \$204; one at \$205 and \$206; one at \$207 and \$208; one at \$209 and \$210; one at \$211 and \$212; one at \$213 and \$214; one at \$215 and \$216; one at \$217 and \$218; one at \$219 and \$220; one at \$221 and \$222; one at \$223 and \$224; one at \$225 and \$226; one at \$227 and \$228; one at \$229 and \$230; one at \$231 and \$232; one at \$233 and \$234; one at \$235 and \$236; one at \$237 and \$238; one at \$239 and \$240; one at \$241 and \$242; one at \$243 and \$244; one at \$245 and \$246; one at \$247 and \$248; one at \$249 and \$250; one at \$251 and \$252; one at \$253 and \$254; one at \$255 and \$256; one at \$257 and \$258; one at \$259 and \$260; one at \$261 and \$262; one at \$263 and \$264; one at \$265 and \$266; 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